

Scottish and Welsh Songs

Compact Disc 61 Scottish Songs for George Thomson I

The music and texts are taken from: **Joseph Haydn**
Werke, Reihe XXXII, Band 3.

1. The broom of Cowdenknows JHW XXXII/3, No. 157; Hob. XXXIa:170

How blythe ilk¹ morn was I to see
My swain come o'er the hill!
He skipt the burn, and flew to me,
I met him with good will.
O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my dear swain,
At hame to tend the ewes.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu!
Farewell a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave or care!
O the broom, &c.
(vv 1, 3 & 8)

¹ every

2. She rose, and let me in
JHW XXXII/3, No. 186; Hob. XXXIa:219^{bis}
The night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies,

Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more,
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When to her father's door I came,
Where I had often been,
I begg'd my fair my lovely dame,
To rise, and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
Did my fond suit reprove;
And while she chid my rash design,
She but inflam'd my love.
Her beauty oft had pleas'd before,
While her bright eyes did roll.
But virtue only had the pow'r
To charm my very soul.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
Transporting is my joy,
No greater blessing can I prove;
So bless'd a man am I.
For beauty may a while retain
The conquer'd flutt'ring heart,
But virtue only is the chain
Holds, never to depart.
(vv 1, 2 & 4)

3. Waly waly
JHW XXXII/3, No. 185; Hob. XXXIa:214^{bis}
O waly waly¹, up the bank,
And waly waly, down the brae,
And waly by yon burnside,
Where I and my Love went to gae.
I leant my back unto an aik²,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bow'd and syne³ it brake,
And sae did my true Love to me.

O waly waly love is bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth could,
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk⁴ my head?
O wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur-seat⁵ shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be warm'd by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true Love's forsaken me.
O Mart'mas wind! when wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle Death! when wilt thou come,
And tak' a life that wearies me?

¹ an interjection of distress; ² oak tree; ³ then;
⁴ dress, attire one's self; ⁵ volcanic hill in Edinburgh

4. The wee, wee man (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 198; Hob. XXXIa:124^{bis}
O bonie was yon rosy brier,
That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
And bonie she, and ah how dear!
It shaded frae the ev'ning sun.
Yon rose-buds in the morning dew,
How pure, among the leaves sae green;
But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
That crimson rose how sweet and fair;
But love is far a sweeter flow'r

Amid life's thorny path o' care.
The pathless wild, and wimpling¹ burn,
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine;
And I the world nor wish nor scorn,
Its joys and griefs alike resign.

¹ meandering

5. Robin Adair (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 235; Hob. XXXIa:202
Oh had I a cave on some wild distant shore,
Where the winds howl to the waves dashing roar;
There would I weep my woes,
There seek my lost repose,
'Till grief my eyes should close,
Ne'er to wake more.

Fairest of woman-kind, can'st thou declare,
All thy fond plighted vows, fleeting as air!
To thy new lover hie,
Laugh o'er thy perjury –
Then in thy bosom try,
What peace is there!

6. Rattling roaring Willy (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 229; Hob. XXXIa:227
O wise and valiant Willy,
Would ye but grip the helm!
My blessings on the day
Ye rose to guide the realm.
The winds blew hard on Willy,
And loudly roar'd the sea,
When a' the rest look'd silly,
Like Ailsa rock¹ was he.

O doure² and stalwart Willy,

He's gane to ca'³ his plough,
But ere the play be play'd
He'll get some mair ado.
There's nought in Will's kail-yard⁴,
But æ bit laurel tree;
Yet doure and stalwart Willy
Is welcome ay to me.

His daddy gied him his name,
'Twas a' that he could gi'e,
Its kent⁵ his daddy's coat
There's nane could fill but he.
O bold and reckless Willy,
Nane bides a blast like thee,
In rough and blustering weather
Ye're welcome ay to me.
(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ Ailsa Craig, an island off the west coast of Ayrshire,
famous for its granite, from which curling stones are
made; ² sullen;
³ drive; ⁴ cottager's garden; ⁵ known

7. Thro' the wood, laddie (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 156; Hob. XXXIa:181
O Sandy, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to mourn?
Thy presence could ease me,
When naething can please me:
Now dowie¹ I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
While lav'rocks² are singing,
And primroses springing;
Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Hast here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing, and
play.
(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ worn with grief; ² larks

8. The old highland laddie (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 248; Hob. XXXIa:248
The lawland maids gang trig¹ and fine,
But aft they're sour and unco² saucy;
Sae proud they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie;
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kiss and court my dawtie³,
Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
My flighterlin heart gangs pittie-pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me, let great fowk⁴ gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, &c.
(vv 1, 3 & 6)

¹ spruce, neat; ² very; ³ darling; ⁴ folk

9. O'er the hills and far awa (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 210, Hob. XXXIa:149^{bis}
O how can my poor heart be glad,
When absent from my sailor lad;
How can I the thought forego,
He's on the seas to meet the foe:
Where e'er I wander stay or rove,
Still my heart is with my love;
My nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.
On the seas and far away,
On stormy seas and far away,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Are with him that's far away.

At the starless midnight hour,
When winter rules with boundless power,
As the storms the forest tear,
And thunders rend the howling air,
Listening to the doubling roar,
Surging on the rocky shore;
All I can – I weep and pray
For his weal that's far away.
On the seas, &c

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
And bid wild war his ravage end,
Man with brother man to meet,
And as a brother kindly greet:
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
To my arms their charge convey,
My dear lad that's far away.
On the seas, &c.

10. Craigieburn Wood (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 224; Hob. XXXIa:193
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn,
And blythe awakes the morrow,
But a' the pride of spring's return
Can yield me nought but sorrow.
I see the flow'rs and spreading trees,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But what a weary wight can please,
And care his bosom wringing!

Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart,
Yet dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
If thou refuse to pity me,
If thou shalt love another,
When yon green leaves fade frae the tree,
Around my grave they'll wither.

11. The lea-rig (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 152; Hob. XXXIa:31^{bis}
When o'er the hill the eastern star
Tells bughtin-time¹ is near, my jo²;
And cattle frae the furrowed field
Return sae dowf³ and weary O:
Down by the burn where scented birks⁴
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig⁵,
My ain kind dearie O.

At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen,
I'd rove and ne'er be irie⁶ O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
My ain kind dearie O.
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,

And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin'⁷ grey,
It makes my heart sae cheary O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie O.

¹ the time of milking the ewes; ² sweetheart;
³ lethargic; ⁴ birch trees; ⁵ grassy ridge, unploughed land;
⁶ frightened; ⁷ twilight

12. William and Margaret (David Mallet)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 159; Hob. XXXIa:153
'Twas at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

Awake (she cry'd), thy true love calls,
Come from her mid-night grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour

When injur'd ghosts complain,
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

But hark! – the cock has warn'd me hence
A long and late adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
That died for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd
With beams of rosy red;
Pale William quak'd in ev'ry limb;
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay,
And stretched him o'er the green grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore:
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more.
(vv 1, 2, 6, 7 & 14-17)

13. What can a young lassie do (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 193; Hob. XXXIa:134^{bis}
What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny¹
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.

He's always compleenin' frae mornin' to e'enin,
He hosts² and he hirples³ the weary day lang:
He's doyl't⁴ and he's dozin⁵, his blude it is frozen,
O dool⁶ on the day I met wi' an auld man.

He hums and he hankers⁷, he frets and he cankers⁸,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevis, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack⁹ him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!

¹ mother; ² coughs; ³ limps; ⁴ stupid; ⁵ almost lifeless;
⁶ sorrow; ⁷ wavers; ⁸ snarls; ⁹ tease

14. Down the burn, Davie (Mr Crawford)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 154; Hob. XXXIa:152
When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
"Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
"And I shall follow thee."

Now Davie did each lad surpass
That dwelt on this burn side,
And Mary was the boniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
And through the flow'ry dale,

His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And love was ay the tale:
With, "Mary, when shall we return
"Sic pleasure to renew?"
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn,
"And ay shall follow you."

15. The sutor's daughter (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 227; Hob. XXXIa:198
Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,
O wilt thou let me chear thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shall ever be my dearie:
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Sayna thou't refuse me.
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me:
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me!

¹ shoemaker

16. My Love she's but a lassie yet (Robert Burns (v 1) and Hector Macneil (vv 2 & 3))
JHW XXXII/3, No. 264
My Love she's but a lassie yet,
My Love she's but a lassie yet;

We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

The deil's got in our lasses now;
 The deil's got in our lasses now;
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,
 Gude faith! they make us asses now. –
 She was sae sour and darty¹, O,
 She was sae sour and darty, O,
 Whane'er I spake, she turn'd her back,
 And sneer'd – “Ye're mair than forty, O.”

Sae slee² she look'd and pawky³ too!
 Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
 Tho' crouse⁴ a-field I gaed to woo,
 I'm hame come back a gawky⁵ now!
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may swear he's bought her, O.

¹ saucy, nice; ² sly; ³ cunning; ⁴ cheerful; ⁵ fool

17. The ewe-bughts

JHW XXXII/3, No. 187; Hob. XXXIa:188

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts¹, Marion,
 And, wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae half so sweet as thee.
 The sun, &c.

O Marion's a bonny lass,

And the blythe blinks in her e'e;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin² Marion wad marry me.
 And fain &c.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean.
 And gin, &c.
 (vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ a little fold where the ewes are milked; ² if

18. Up in the morning early (Robert Burns)

JHWXXXII/3, No. 252; Hob. XXXIa:28^{er}

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure its winter fairly.
 Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early,
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it is winter fairly.

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
 A' the day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning's, &c.

19. Morag (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 254; Hob. XXXIa:143^{bis}

O wha is she that loes me,
 And has my heart a keeping?
 O sweet is she that loes me,

As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearer,
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming,
O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted.
O that's the lassie, &c.
 (vv 1, 2 & 4)

20. The east neuk o' Fife (Alexander Boswell)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 258; Hob. XXXIa:234

She Auld gudeman¹, ye're a drunken carle², drunken
 carle,
 A' the lang day ye wink and drink, gape and
 gaunt³;
 Of sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink and
 pearl,
 Ill fa'r'd, doited⁴, ne'er-do-weel.

He Auld gudewife¹! ye're a flytin⁵ body, flytin body;
Will ye hae now, but gude be thank'd, the *wit* ye
 want;
 The puttin cow⁶ should be ay a doddy⁷, ay a
 doddy,

Mak na sic an awsome reel.

She Ye're a sow, auld man,
 Ye get fou⁸, auld man,
 Fye shame, auld man,
 To your wame, auld man,
 Sair pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin tow,
 A plack⁹ to clead¹⁰, ye're back and pow¹¹.

He It's a lie, gudewife,
 It's your tea, gudewife;
 Na, na, gudewife,
 Ye spend a', gudewife,
 Dinna fa' on me pell-mell,
 Ye like a drap fou-weel yourself.

She Ye's rue, auld gowk¹², your jest and frolic, jest and
 frolic,
 Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?
 An 'twerena just for to cure the cholic, cure the
 cholic,
 De'il a drap wad weet my mou.

He Troth, gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna
 swither,
 Soon soon to tak a cholic, whan it brings a drap o'
 cappy¹³;
 But twa score o' years we hae fought thegither,
 fought thegither,
 Time it is to gree, I trow.

She I'm wrang, auld John,
 Owr lang, auld John,
 For nought, gude John,
 We hae fought, gude John;
 Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,
 We're far owre feckless¹⁴ now to feght.

He Ye're right, gudewife,
 The night, gudewife,
 Our cup, gude Kate,
 We'll sup, gude Kate;

Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,
And toom¹⁵ the stoup¹⁶ atween us twa!

¹ the master/mistress of the house; ² a name for an old man; ³ yawn; ⁴ crazy, as in old age; ⁵ scolding;
⁶ butting, mischievous cow; ⁷ cow without horns;
⁸ drunk; ⁹ coin; ¹⁰ clothe; ¹¹ head, skull; ¹² fool;
¹³ ale; ¹⁴ much too feeble; ¹⁵ empty; ¹⁶ flagon

21. The maid that tends the goats (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 211; Hob. XXXIa:221^{bis}

Hark! the mavis¹ evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a fauldin² let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes³,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie, bonnie, dearie.
Ca' them where the burn rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Gaist nor bogle⁴ shalt thou fear,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nought of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown⁵ my very heart,
I can die, – but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.
(vv 1, 4 & 5)

¹ thrush; ² to shut sheep in the fold; ³ small round

hillocks; ⁴ hobgoblin; ⁵ stolen

22. The lass of Patie's mill (Allan Ramsay)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 172; Hob. XXXIa:160

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blythe and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Has stole my heart away.
When tedding¹ of the hay
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

¹ spreading

23. Oran gaoil¹ (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 217; Hob. XXXIa:228

Behold the hour, the boat arrive!

Thou goest, thou darling of my heart:
Ah! sever'd from thee, can I survive?
But fate has will'd, and we must part!
I'll often greet this surging swell;
Yon distant isle will often hail;
"E'en *here*, I took the last farewell;
"*There*, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
Across the rolling, dashing roar,
I'll westward turn my wistful eye:
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Where now my Nancy's path may be!
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
O tell me, does she muse on me!

¹ Song of love

24. The flowers of Edinburgh (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 253; Hob. XXXIa:90^{bis}

Here is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village bell has toll'd the hour,
O, what can stay my lovely maid!
'Tis not *Maria's* whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is *Maria's* voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
His faithful mate to cheer, –
At once 'tis music – and 'tis love!
And art thou come, and art thou true!
O welcome dear to love and me!

And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of *Cree*.

25. Willie was a wanton wag (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 216; Hob. XXXIa:4^{bis}

There was a lass, and she was fair,
At kirk and market to be seen;
When a' our fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,
And ay she sang sae merrilie;
The blythest bird upon the bush,
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bliss the little lintwhite's¹ nest;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.
Young Robie was the brawest² lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen;
And he had owsen³, sheep, and kye⁴,
And wanton nagies⁵ nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down,
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist⁶,
Her heart was tint⁷, her peace was stown⁸!
As in the bosom of the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en;
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.

The sun was sinking in the west,
The birds sang sweet in ilka⁹ grove;
His cheek to her's he fondly laid,
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.

O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
O can'st thou think to fancy me!
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
And learn to tent¹⁰ the farms wi' me?

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang the heather bells,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.
Now what could artless Jeanie do?
She had na will to say him na:
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
And love was ay between them twa.
(vv 1-3, 5 & 6)

¹ linnet; ² most handsome; ³ oxen; ⁴ cows; ⁵ horses;
⁶ knew; ⁷ lost; ⁸ stolen; ⁹ every; ¹⁰ care for

26. Logan water (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 168; Hob. XXXIa:163

O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,
The day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne¹ hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the simmer sun.
But now thy flow'ry banks appear
Like drumlie² winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun³ face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs,
The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,

While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse in deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!
(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ since that time; ² muddy; ³ must

27. Macpherson's farewell (Robert Burns, the first stanza and the chorus excepted)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 203; Hob. XXXIa:182

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
McPherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Cho.^s Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

O what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt¹ and strife,
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame disdain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.
(vv 1, 2, 4 & 5)

¹ trouble

Scottish Songs for George Thomson II

Compact Disc 62

1. Peggy, I must love thee (Mr Crawford)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 206; Hob. XXXIa:167

Beneath a beech's grateful shade,
Young Colin lay complaining;
He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,
Without hopes of obtaining;
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
Tho' pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, Peggy, I *must* love thee.

That beauteous breast so soft to feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over;
Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' should it ne'er relent,
Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My Peggy, I *must* love thee.

(vv 1 & 4)

2. The bonny grey-ey'd morn (William Smyth)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 261; Hob. XXXIa:101^{bis}

A soldier am I, all the world o'er I range,
And would not my lot with a monarch exchange;
How welcome a soldier wherever he roves,
Attended, like Venus, by Mars and the Loves;
How dull is the ball, and how cheerless the fair,
What's a feast, or a frolic, if we are not there!
Kind, hearty, and gallant, and joyous we come,
And the world looks alive at the sound of the drum.

Who loves not a soldier – the generous, the brave,
The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save;
In peace, the gay friend with the manners that charm,
The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;
In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
'Tis a temple, which honour can enter alone;
No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,
I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum.

(vv 1 & 4)

3. The minstrel (Mr Pickering)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 239; Hob. XXXIa:115^{bis}

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht head,
The snaw drives snelly¹ thro' the dale,
The Gaberlunzie² tirls my sneck³,
And shivering tells his waefu' tale –
"Cauld is the night, O let me in,
"And dinna let your minstrel fa',
"And dinna let his winding-sheet
"Be naething but a wreath o' snaw."

My Eppie's voice, O wow its sweet!
 E'en tho' she bans⁴ and scolds a wee⁵,
 But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,
 O haith⁶! its doubly dear to me.
 Come in, auld carle⁷, I'll steer my fire,
 I'll make it bleeze a bonnie flame;
 Your bluid is thin, ye've tint the gate⁸,
 You should na stray sae far frae hame.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ bitter, biting; ² tinker; ³ tries to open my door; ⁴ swears in a passion; ⁵ little; ⁶ a petty oath; ⁷ old man; ⁸ you have lost the road

4. Deil tak' the wars (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 213; Hob. XXXIa:229

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature;
 Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ev'ry bud which nature
 Waters wi' the tears of joy.
 Now, to the streaming fountain,
 Or up the heathy mountain,
 The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:
 In twining hazel bowers,
 His lay the linnet pours;
 The lavrock¹, to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,
 Banishes ilk² darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.

When frae my Jeany parted,
 Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
 Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
 But when she charms my sight,
 In pride of beauty's light;
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart;
 'Tis then – 'tis then, I wake to life and joy!

¹ lark; ² each, every

5. Gramachree (Said to have been written in Bedlam by a Negro) JHW XXXII/3, No. 214; Hob. XXXIa:13^{bis}

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands, while sweetly thus
 sung she:
 I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.

O! cruel were his parents, who sent my Love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my Love from
 me;
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've ruin'd
 me;
 And I love my Love, because I know my Love loves
 me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my Love might
 spy;
 But ah, unhappy maiden! that Love you ne'er shall see!
 Yet I love my Love, because I know my Love loves me.
 (vv 1, 2 & 6)

6. Up and war them a' Willy (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 247; Hob. XXXIa:233

Where's he, for honest poverty
 That hangs his head, and a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure, and a' that,
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
 The man's the gowd¹ for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin grey², and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel shew, and a' that,
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men, for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

Ye see yon birkie³, ca'd a Lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof⁴ for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that,
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

A prince can make a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon⁵ his might,

Gude faith he maunna fa' that⁶!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith⁷ of sense, and pride of worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree⁸, and a' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

¹ of good character; ² coarse cloth; ³ a familiar epithet, applied chiefly to a forward young man; ⁴ blockhead, ninny;
⁵ above; ⁶ he must not attempt that; ⁷ strength; ⁸ may be decidedly victor

7. I canna come ilka day to woo (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 242; Hob. XXXIa:140^{bis}

Now bank and brae¹ are clothed in green,
 And scattered cowslips sweetly spring;
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's,
 There with my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka² glance of love,
 The bonie blink³ o' Mary's e'e.

The man wha boasts o' world's wealth,

Is aften laird o' meikle⁴ care;
 But Mary she is a' my ain,
 Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair!
 Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonie blink o' Mary's e'e.

¹ steep or sloping bank of a river; ² every; ³ twinkle; ⁴ much

8. Langolee (John Tait)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 257; Hob. XXXIa:235

'Twas summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
 And sweetly the wood-pigeon coo'd from the tree;
 At the foot of a rock, where the wild rose was growing,
 I sat myself down by the banks of the Dee.
 Flow on, lovely Dee! flow on, thou sweet river!
 Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me ever;
 For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
 Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
 To quell the proud rebels; for valiant is he:
 And ah! there's no hope of his speedy returning,
 To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
 He's gone, hapless youth! o'er the rude roaring billows,
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows;
 And left me to wander 'mongst those once lov'd willows,
 The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him;
 Blest peace may restore my dear Jamie to me:
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing;
 While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

9. Hey tutti taiti¹ (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 243; Hob. XXXIa:174

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie.
 Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front of battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power –
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
 Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
 Let us do or die!

¹ An exclamation to represent the sound of a trumpet

10. Kellyburn braes
JHW XXXII/3, No. 240; Hob. XXXIa:148^{bis}

There liv'd ance a carle¹ in Kellyburn-braes²,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
 And he had a wife was the plague of his days,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
 He met wi' the deil³, wha said, how do ye fen⁴?
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
 "Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 "For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!
 "And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

'Its neither your stot⁵ nor your staig⁶ I shall crave,
 "Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 'But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,
 'And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.'

"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
 "Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 "But if ye can match her ye're waur' than ye're ca'd,
 "And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime."

So Nickie⁸ then got the auld wife on his back,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky⁹ den,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,

To its blackest nook he has carried her ben¹⁰,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin¹¹ gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks ower the wa',
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Auld Sootie¹² then swore by the edge of his knife,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

I hae been a de'il now the feck¹³ o' my life,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

So Cloutie¹⁴ was glad to return wi' his pack,
 Hey and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme;
 And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

¹ old man; ² steep or sloping hillsides; ³ devil; ⁴ How goes it with you?; ⁵ young bull, or ox; ⁶ horse; ⁷ worse; ⁸ one of the many names for the devil; ⁹ smoky; ¹⁰

carried her into the parlour; ¹¹ stout old woman; ¹² old term for the devil;
¹³ for a considerable part; ¹⁴ another name for the devil

11. The Poet's ain Jean (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 219; Hob. XXXIa:230

Of a' the airts¹ the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row²,
And many a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her fresh and fair;
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw³ or green;
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

¹ points of the compass; ² roll; ³ woody grove by a water side

Eines der schönsten Liebesgedichte, die Burns für seine Geliebte und spätere Frau, Jean Armour, geschrieben hat. Von allen Windrichtungen ist ihm der Westen die liebste, denn im Westen wohnt seine Geliebte. Dort, wo die Wälder und die Hügel sind, ist sein Herz bei ihr. Jede Blume, die blüht, jeder Vogel, der singt, erinnert ihn an seine Jean.

12. Gil Morris (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 238; Hob. XXXIa:196

A mother's lamentation for the loss of her son

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart:
And with him all the joys are fled,
Life can to me impart.
And with him, &c.

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid;
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.
So fell, &c.

The mother linnet in the brake¹
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
So I, &c.

Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast;
O, do thou kindly lay me low
With him I love, at rest!
O, do thou, &c.

¹ thicket

13. The last time I came o'er the muir (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 228; Hob. XXXIa:199

The last time I came o'er the muir¹,

I left my love behind me;
Ye powers, what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my Love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

(vv 1, 3-5)

¹ moor

14. The mucking¹ o' Geordie's byre (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 215; Hob. XXXIa:51^{bis}

My heart is a-breaking, dear titty²,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
In poortith³ I might mak' a fen'⁴;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I mauna⁵ marry Tam Glen.

There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller,
"Gude day to you," (coof⁶) he comes ben'⁷;
He brags and he blows o' his siller⁸,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minny⁹ does constantly deave¹⁰ me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin¹¹ I'll forsake him,
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen.

Yestreen at the Valentines dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten¹²;
For thrice I drew ane without failing,
And thrice it was written Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I was waukin¹³
My drookit¹⁴ sark-sleeve¹⁵, as ye ken;
His likeness cam' up the house stalking,
And the very grey breeks¹⁶ o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;
I'll gi'e you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

¹ cleaning dung out of a byre or stable; ² sister; ³ poverty;

⁴ to be above want, to make shift to live; ⁵ must not;

⁶ blockhead, ninny; ⁷ through to the inner room or parlour;

⁸ silver, money; ⁹ mother; ¹⁰ annoy with talk; ¹¹ if; ¹² moved with sudden motion; ¹³ making cloth thick and felted by a process, performed by hand, of soaking, beating and shrinking;

¹⁴ drenched; ¹⁵ shirt-sleeve; ¹⁶ breeches

15. The happy trio (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 260; Hob. XXXIa:243

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut¹,
And Rob and Allan came to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang² night,
Ye wad na found in Christendie.
We are na fou³, we're no that fou,
But just a drappy⁴ in our e'e;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree⁵.
We are na fou, &c.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;

And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, – I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift⁶ sae hie;
She shines sae bright, to wyle⁷ us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
A cuckold coward loun⁸ is he!
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three.
We are na fou, &c.

¹ dry measure of malt; ² live-long; ³ we are not drunk; ⁴ little drop; ⁵ ale; ⁶ sky; ⁷ entice; ⁸ ragamuffin

16. The wish (Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/3, No. 249; Hob. XXXIa:245

Could I find a bonny glen,
Warm and calm, warm and calm,
Could I find a bonny glen,
Warm and calm,
Free frae din, and far frae men,
There my wanton kids I'd pen,
Where woodbines shade some den,
Breathing balm, breathing balm,
Where woodbines shade some den,
Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill
Shields the deer, shields the deer,
Where the steep and woody hill

Shields the deer,
Where the wood-lark singing shrill,
Guards his nest beside the rill,
And the thrush with tawny bill
Warbles clear, warbles clear,
And the thrush with tawny bill
Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall
Echoes round, echoes round,
Where the dashing waterfall
Echoes round,
And the rustling aspen tall,
And the owl at ev'ning's call,
Plaining from the ivy'd wall,
Joins the sound, joins the sound,
Plaining from the ivy'd wall,
Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,
All unseen, all unseen,
There my only love I'd own,
All unseen;
There I'd live for her alone,
To the restless world unknown,
And my heart should be the throne
For my queen, for my queen;
And my heart should be the throne
For my queen.

17. Killiecrankie (Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/3, No. 244; Hob. XXXIa:169

When Willy Pitt, as he thought fit,
Did rule and guide us a', man,
And furious War his iron car

Drove o'er the nations a', man;
Then Buonaparte e'en took a start
To visit Africa, man: –
The Malta knights, those feckless¹ wights,
Resistance made but sma', man.

While on their rocks, the Gallic cocks
Did stoutly strut and crawl, man;
The reaver² band despoil'd the land,
Took a' their gear³ awa', man;
Wi' saints of gowd⁴, in siller⁵ row'd,
O wow but they were braw⁶, man!
The isles of Greece they next did fleece;
Sic rugging⁷ ye ne'er saw, man.

Gie him a bield⁸ in that same field
Where Israel gather'd straw, man,
'Twas one to ten but he came ben⁹
As far as Mecca's wa', man.
Our Monarch's nod, like Neptune's rod,
That sways the ocean a', man,
Sent out a fleet their ships to meet,
Near Alexandria, man.

At Aboukir, withouten fear,
As Nelson's line did draw, man,
His hearts of oak their hawsers broke,
They did na wait to jaw, man;
Tri-colour'd flags came down like rags,
Where Nelson's guns did ca', man,
Till glory's light sae drown'd his sight,
'Twas utter darkness a', man!

The Mamalukes came frae their nooks,
To see the low sae braw, man;
On wings of flame, high mounted Fame,

And loud her trump did blaw, man,
'Till Gallic faith, and a' their skaith¹⁰,
Was kent in Asia a', man;
And Nelson's fame and Britain's name
Rejoic'd and fear'd them a', man.

(vv 1, 2, 6, 7 & 9)

¹ feeble, weak; ² robber, pirate; ³ riches, goods of any kind;
⁴ gold; ⁵ silver; ⁶ fine, handsome; ⁷ taking away by force;
⁸ shelter; ⁹ he advanced; ¹⁰ hurt and damage suffered

18. My apron deary (Sir Gilbert Elliot) JHW XXXII/3, No. 234; Hob. XXXIa:189

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
No more for Aminta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta, why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine: –
Poor shepherd, Aminta no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again!
O! what had my youth, &c.

(vv 1 & 3)

19. The brisk young lad (Said to have been written by King James V) JHW XXXII/3, No. 200; Hob. XXXIa:46^{bis}

The pawky¹ auld carle² came o'er the lea,
W'mony good-eens and days to me,
Saying, gudewife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man?
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont³ the ingle⁴ he sat;
My daughter's shouters⁵ he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily⁶ ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blythe and merry wad I be!
And I wad ne'er think lang.
He grew canty⁷, she grew fain⁸,
But little did her auld minny⁹ ken
What thir¹⁰ slee¹¹ twa together were saying,
When wooing they were sae thrang¹².

And O! quo' he, were ye as black
As e'er the crown o' my daddie's hat,
'Tis I wad lay you by my back,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.
And O! quo' she, were I as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd cleid¹³ me braw, and lady like,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee¹⁴ before the cock,
And wylily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent¹⁵ they're gane.
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,

And at her leisure put on her claise¹⁶;
Syne¹⁷ to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speir¹⁸ for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cry'd, dulefu¹⁹ day!
For some o' our gear²⁰ will be gane.
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown²¹ that cou'd be mist;
She dance'd her lane²², cry'd praise be blest!
I have lodg'd a leal²³ poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirm's to kirm²⁴, and milk to yearn²⁵,
Gae but the house²⁶, lass, and waken my bairn²⁷,
And bid her come quickly ben²⁸.
The servant gaed where the daughter lay,
The sheets were cauld, she was away,
And fast to her gudewife 'gan to say,
She's aff wi' the silly poor man!

Mean time, far hind ower the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa in kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang²⁹.
The prieving³⁰ was gude, it pleas'd them baith;
To lo'e her for ay he gave her his aith:
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gab'lunzie man.

(vv 1 – 6 & 8)

¹ cunning; ² a name for an old man; ³ beyond; ⁴ fire-place;
⁵ shoulders; ⁶ cheerfully; ⁷ merry; ⁸ joyful; ⁹ mother; ¹⁰ these;

¹¹ sly; ¹² intimate, familiar; ¹³ clothe; ¹⁴ little; ¹⁵ open field, open country; ¹⁶ clothes; ¹⁷ then; ¹⁸ ask, enquire; ¹⁹ sorrowful; ²⁰ riches, goods of any kind; ²¹ stolen; ²² herself alone; ²³ honest; ²⁴ churn; ²⁵ curdle; ²⁶ go towards the outer part or end of the house; ²⁷ child; ²⁸ to the inner room or parlour; ²⁹ large slice; ³⁰ tasting

20. Whistle o'er the lave o't (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 231; Hob. XXXIa:76^{bis}

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, speir¹ nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave² o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me's beguile'd,
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how agree;
I care na by³ how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;
I could write, – but Meg maun⁴ see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't

¹ ask, enquire; ² rest, remainder; ³ I am indifferent; ⁴ must

21. Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 222; Hob. XXXIa:7^{bis}

O wat¹ ye wha's in yonder town,
 Ye see the ev'ning sun upon?
 The fairest maid's in yonder town
 That ev'ning sun is shining on.
 Now, haply down yon gay green shaw²,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree;
 How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances of her e'e!
 How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blythe on yonder town,
 And on yon bonie braes³ of Ayr;
 But my delight in yonder town,
 And dearest joy, is Lucy fair.
 Without my Love, not a' the charms
 Of Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky!
 My cave would be a lover's bower,
 Tho' raging winter rent the air;
 And she, a lovely little flower
 That I would tent⁴ and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yonder town
 Yon sinking sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yonder town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.
 If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear,
 I, careless, quit aught else below,

But spare me, spare me, Lucy dear!
 And while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart;
 For she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

¹ do you know; ² woody grove by a water side; ³ steep
 or sloping riverbanks; ⁴ care for

22. My Love she's but a lassie yet
(Robert Burns (v 1), Hector Macneil (vv 2 & 3))
JHW XXXII/3, No. 236; Hob. XXXIa:194

My Love she's but a lassie yet,
 My Love she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O.

The deil's got in our lasses now;
 The deil's got in our lasses now;
 When ane wad trow they scarce ken what,
 Gude faith! they make us asses now. –
 She was sae sour and dorty¹, O,
 She was sae sour and dorty, O,
 Whane'er I spake, she turn'd her back,
 And sneer'd – “Ye're mair than forty, O.”

Sae slee² she look'd and pawky³ too!
 Sae slee she look'd and pawky too!
 Tho' crouse⁴ a-field I gaed to woo,
 I'm hame come back a gawky⁵ now!
 I rue the day I sought her, O;

I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
 But he may swear he's bought her, O.

¹ saucy, nice; ² sly; ³ cunning; ⁴ cheerful, courageous; ⁵
 fool

23. My Nanie, O (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 199; Hob. XXXIa:37^{quater}

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang muirs¹ and mosses many, O,
 The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

Tho' westlin'² winds blaw loud and shill,
 And its baith mirk³ and rainy, O,
 I'll get my plaid⁴, and out I'll steal,
 And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman⁵ delights to view
 His sheep and kye⁶ thrive bonie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh⁷,
 And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weal, come woe, I carena by⁸,
 I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O:
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, and love my Nanie, O!

(vv 1, 2, 7 & 8)

¹ moors; ² western; ³ dark; ⁴ rectangular length of twilled
 woollen cloth worn as a mantle or outer garment; ⁵ master
 of the house; ⁶ cows; ⁷ holds his plough; ⁸ I am indifferent

Compact Disc 63

1. Cauld kail in Aberdeen (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 226; Hob. XXXIa:55^{bis}

How lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Tho' I were ne'er sae weary.
 For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie¹;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie!

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee my dearie;
 And now what seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie.
For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 The joyless day how dreary;
 It was na sae ye glinted² by
 When I was wi' my deary.
For oh, &c.

¹ affected with fear or dread
² passed quickly like a transient gleam

2. An thou wert mine ain thing
JHW XXXII/3, No. 167; Hob. XXXIa:164

An¹ thou wert mine ain thing,
 O I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee,
 An thou wert mine ain thing,
 How dearly wou'd I love thee.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since naething earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's sake, O favour me,
Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
Tho' I were number'd wi' the dead,
My saul should hover round thy head:
I may be turned a silent shade,
But never cease to love thee. –

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
And when at last thou lovely maid!
A drooping flow'r, thyself shalt fade,
I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,
And then for ever love thee. –

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

¹ if

3. The boatman (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/3, No. 230; Hob. XXXIa:246

Ye gales that gently wave the sea,
And please the canny¹ boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:
In haly² bands we join'd our hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While parents rate a large estate,
Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor³ chuse in Highland glens
To herd the kid and goat, man,
E'er I cou'd for sic⁴ little ends

Refuse my bonny Scot-man.
Wae worth the man wha first began
The base ungenerous fashion,
Frae greedy views love's arts to use,
While stranger to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
Haste to thy longing lassie,
Who pants to press thy balmy mouth,
And in her bosom hause⁵ thee.
Love gi'es the word, then haste on board,
Fair winds and tenty⁶ boatman,
Waft o'er, waft o'er frae yonder shore,
My blythe, my bonny Scot-man.

¹ careful, dexterous; ² holy; ³ rather; ⁴ such; ⁵ embrace;
⁶ heedful, cautious

4. Jingling Johnie (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 259; Hob. XXXIa:263

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
While Phœbus sunk beyond Benledi;
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready:
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthful pleasures many;
And ay the wild wood echoes rang,
"O dearly do I love thee, Annie."

O happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle¹ make it eerie;
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my dearie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"

While many a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow we ne'er should sever!

The haunt of spring's the primrose brae²,
The simmer joy's the flocks to follow;
How cheery through her shortening day,
Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow:
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure;
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure!

¹ hobgoblin; ² hillside

5. Muirland Willy JHW XXXII/3, No. 223; Hob. XXXIa:242

Now harken and I will tell you how
Young muirland¹ Willie came here to woo,
Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you,
And ay he cried, whate'er betide,
Maggie I'll hae to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his grey yade² as he did ride,
Wi' durk³ and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle⁴ pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee,
Out o'er yon moss⁵, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her daddy's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your daughter's love to win,
I carena for making meikle din;

What answer gi'e ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my daughter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin' ye are lighted down,
Where do ye won⁶, or in what town?
I think my daughter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd into the house,
And wow but he was wondrous crouse⁷,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle⁸ brown,
She was the brawest⁹ in a' the town;
I wat on him she didna gloom;
But blinkit bonnilee.
The lover he stended¹⁰ up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist;
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I am come here.
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear¹¹;
And for myself you needna fear,
Troth tak me whan you like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his chow¹²,
He dight¹³ his gab¹³, and prie'd her mou¹⁴.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd and bing'd¹⁵ fu' law,
She hadna will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he ga'e her the tither kiss,
Syne¹⁶ ran to her daddy, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
 But to yoursell she's left it a';
 As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
 Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I hae na meikle,
 But sic's I hae, ye's get a pickle¹⁷.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass.
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
 But sicken¹⁸ a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked hands¹⁹,
 Mess John²⁰ ty'd up the marriage-bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum dirdum²¹, and sic din,
 Sic daffin²², laughin, and sic fun,
 The minstrels they did never blin',
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobit, and ay they beck't²³,
 And ay they cross'd and merrilie met,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

(vv 1-4, 6-9, 11 & 13)

¹ moorland; ² mare; ³ poinard, dagger; ⁴ much; ⁵ marshy place;
⁶ dwell; ⁷ cheerful, courageous; ⁸ gown; ⁹ finest, most handsome; ¹⁰ sprang, jumped; ¹¹ riches, goods of any kind;
¹² tobacco; ¹³ wiped his mouth; ¹⁴ stole a kiss; ¹⁵ curtsied;
¹⁶ then; ¹⁷ a small quantity; ¹⁸ such; ¹⁹ shook hands;
²⁰ a parson; ²¹ frolic and fun; ²² merriment; ²³ curtsied

6. Variations on Bannocks o' barleymeal (Alexander Boswell) JHW XXXII/3, No. 265

Argyle is my name, – and you may think it strange,
 To live at a court, and yet never to change:
 To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,
 The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
 The foes of my country and king I have fac'd,
 In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd,
 I've done what I could for my country's weal;
 Now I'll feast upon bannocks¹ o' barleymeal².

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu;
 And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you.
 For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife;
 For myself, I seek peace, and an innocent life:
 I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene
 With Maggie my love, in her rockley³ o' green;
 On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I feel,
 While *she* shares my bannock o' barleymeal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
 He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;
 I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride;
 O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
 I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place;
 I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
 I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
 And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

¹ a flat cake toasted on a girdle; ² barley flour; ³ cloak

7. The tears of Caledonia (Tobias Smollet) JHW XXXII/3, No. 251; Hob. XXXIa:201

Written upon the Battle of Culloden¹

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
 Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
 Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
 Lie slaughter'd on their native ground!
 Thy hospitable roofs no more
 Invite the stranger to the door;
 In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
 The monuments of cruelty!

Oh baneful cause! oh fatal morn!
 Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
 The sons against their fathers stood;
 The parent shed his children's blood!
 Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
 The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
 The naked and forlorn must feel
 Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel!

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
 And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
 Resentment of my Country's fate
 Within my filial breast shall beat:
 And, spite of her insulting foe,
 My sympathizing verse shall flow;
 "Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
 "Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

(vv 1, 5 & 7)

¹ On 16 April 1746 Bonnie Prince Charlie's Jacobite army was defeated by the Hanoverian army under the

command of the Duke of Cumberland. The Battle of Culloden crushed the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745.

8. Variations on Maggie Lauder JHW XXXII/3, No. 267

Wha wadna be in love
 Wi' bonie Maggy Lauder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And spier'd¹ what was't they ca'd her?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 "Begone, you hallanshaker²;
 "Jogg on your gate³, you bladderskate⁴,
 "My name is Maggy Lauder!"

"Maggy," quo' he, "and by my bags,
 "I'm fidging⁵ fain to see thee;
 "Sit down by me, my bonie bird,
 In troth I winna steer⁶ thee:
 "For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter;
 "The lasses loup⁷ as they were daft
 "When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "ha'e ye your bags,
 "Or is your drone in order?
 "If you be Rob, I've heard of you;
 "Live you upo' the border?
 "The lasses a', baith far and near
 "Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 "I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
 "Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,

For brawly³ could she frisk it.
 "Weel done," quo' he "Play up," quo' she:
 "Weel bobbd," quo' Rob the Ranter;
 "It's worth my while to play indeed,
 "When I ha'e sic a dancer."

"Weel ha'e you play'd your part," quo' Meg,
 "Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 "There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 "Since we lost Habby Simson.
 "I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 "These ten years and a quarter;
 "Gin you should come to Anst'er⁹ fair,
 "Spier ye for Maggy Lauder."

¹ asked, enquired; ² ragamuffin; ³ get on your way; ⁴ foolish babbling fellow; ⁵ fidgeting; ⁶ molest; ⁷ leap, jump; ⁸ very well; ⁹ Anstruther, a fishing village in Fife

9. Queen Mary's lamentation JHW XXXII/3, No. 169; Hob. XXXIa:161

I sigh and lament me in vain,
 These walls can but echo my moan;
 Alas! it increases my pain,
 When I think of the days that are gone.
 Through the grate of my prison, I see
 The birds as they wanton in air;
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes;
 Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
 She ne'er can subdue me to those.
 False woman! in ages to come,

Thy malice detested shall be;
 And, when we are cold in the tomb,
 Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs! where cold damp and dismay,
 With silence and solitude dwell,
 How comfortless passes the day,
 How sad tolls the evening bell!
 The owls from the battlements cry,
 Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 "O Mary, prepare thee to die:" –
 My blood it runs chill at the sound.

10. The soldier laddie (Alexander Boswell) JHW XXXII/3, No. 256; Hob. XXXIa:60^{bis}

Come, rest ye here, Johnnie, what news frae the south?
 Here's whey in a luggie¹ to stoken your growth²,
 Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing³,
 I'm fear'd⁴ John to ask ye, is Jamie in being?
 Aye, troth, lass, they're landed, and hameward they're
 coming.
 In brav⁵ order marching, wi' fife and drumming:
 I sell't⁶ my grey plaid⁷, my cauld winter's warm happin⁸,
 To cheer their leal⁹ hearts wi' a gill¹⁰ and a chappin¹¹.

Your father's gudebrither¹², the serjeant, wi' glee,
 Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughing, quo' he,
 Ye're ovr auld to list, or ye'd rug¹³ this fast frae me –
 Mair drink here – "but, John, O nae word o' poor Jamie?"
 The deil's i' the lassie, there's nought in her noddle¹⁴
 But Jamie, ay Jamie, she cares na ae boddle¹⁵
 For grey-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,
 The lad's safe and weel, what mair wad ye hae now?

He's weel! Gude be prais'd, my dear laddie is weel!

Sic news! heh man, John, ye're a sonsy auld cheel¹⁶!
 I'm doited¹⁷ – I'm dais'd¹⁸– its fu' time I were rinnin,
 The wark might be done ere I think o' beginnin.
 I'll rin like a mawkin¹⁹, and busk in my braws²⁰,
 And link²¹ ovr the hills where the caller²² wind blows,
 And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,
 And dory²³ nae mair – O I'll part with him never!

¹ small wooden dish with a handle; ² to quench your thirst;
³ dying; ⁴ afraid; ⁵ fine; ⁶ sold; ⁷ rectangular length of twilled woollen cloth; ⁸ outer garment; ⁹ loyal; ¹⁰ half an English pint;
¹¹ an English quart; ¹² brother-in-law; ¹³ pull; ¹⁴ there's nothing in her head; ¹⁵ one sixth of a penny; ¹⁶ jolly old fellow; ¹⁷ crazy, as in old age; ¹⁸ stupefied; ¹⁹ hare; ²⁰ dress in my finest clothes;
²¹ walk quickly; ²² fresh; ²³ saucy

11. Highland Air. The lone vale (The Hon. Andrew Erskine of Kellie) JHW XXXII/3, No. 245; Hob. XXXIa:175

How sweet this lone vale, and how soothing to feeling
 Yon nightingale's notes, which in melody melt!
 Oblivion of woe o'er my mind gently stealing, –
 A pause from keen anguish a moment is felt.
 The moon's yellow light on the still lake is sleeping;
 Ah! near yon sad spot Mary sleeps in her tomb!
 Again the heart swells, the eye flows with weeping;
 And the sweets of the vale are all cover'd with gloom.

12. Roslin Castle (Richard Hewitt) JHW XXXII/3, No. 255; Hob. XXXIa:191

'Twas in that season of the year,

When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin, with the morning ray,
 Arose and sung his rural lay:
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring
 With rapture warms, awake and sing;
 Awake and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song:
 To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay
 With rapture calls, O come away!
 Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine;
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

13. Green sleeves (Robert Burns (vv 2 & 3 only)) JHW XXXII/3, No. 262; Hob. XXXIa:112^{bis}

It was the charming month of May:
 When all the flow'rs were fresh and gay:
 One morning by the break of day,
 The youthful charming Anne.
 From peaceful slumber she arose

Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flow'ry mead she goes,
The youthful charming Anne.

O lovely was she by the dawn,
The sweetly smiling charming Anne;
When tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Anne.
The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around on ev'ry tree
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Anne.

O lovely was she by the dawn,
The sweetly smiling charming Anne;
When tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful charming Anne.
Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious Sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes,
Of youthful charming Anne.

14. Variations on Saw ye my father (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 266

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among?

No more a winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair;
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,

And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

15. A Jacobite Air. Phely & Willy (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 246; Hob. XXXIa:231

'O Phely, happy be that day,
'When roving through the gather'd hay,
'My youthful heart was stown¹ away,
And by thy charms, my Phely.

"O Willy, ay I bless the grove
"Where first I own'd my maiden love,
"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,
"To be my ain dear Willy.

*"What's a' the joys that gowd² can gi'e?
"I care na wealth a single flie;
"The lad/lass I love's the lad/lass for me,
'And that's my ain dear Willy/Phely.*

'As songsters of the early year
'Are ilka³ day mair sweet to hear,
'So ilka day to me mair dear
And charming is my Phely.

"As on the brier the budding rose
"Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
"So in my tender bosom grows
"The love I bear my Willy.

"What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? &c.

'Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
'And fools may tyne⁴, and knaves may win;
'My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
'And that's my ain dear Phely.

"What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?
"I care na wealth a single flie;
"The lad I love's the lad for me,
"And that's my ain dear Willy.

"What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? &c.

(vv 1-4 & 9-10)

¹ stolen; ² gold; ³ every; ⁴ lose

16. Hooly and fairly JHW XXXII/3, No. 241; Hob. XXXIa:237

Oh! what had I ado for to marry!
My wife she drinks naething but sack and canary,
I to her friends complain'd right early,
O! gin¹ my wife wou'd drink hooly² and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O! gin my wife wou'd drink hooly and fairly.

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
The lasses she ca's baith limmers³ and jades⁴,

And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie⁵;
O gin my wife, &c.

(vv 1 & 11)

¹ if only; ² slowly; ³ strumpets; ⁴ familiar term among country folks for giddy young girls; ⁵ little old man

17. Young Jockey was the blythest lad (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 208; Hob. XXXIa:64^{bis}

Young Jockey was the blythest lad,
In a' our town or here awa';
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud¹,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.

He roos'd² my een³ sae bonny blue,
He roos'd my waist sae gently sma';
An' aft my heart came to my mou'
When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
And o'er the lea I look fu' fain⁴,
When Jockey's owsen⁵ hameward ca'⁶.

When gloamin⁷ brings him hame again,
A blyther sight I never saw,
For aye he vows he'll be my ain
As lang's he has a breath to draw.

¹ plough; ² praised, commended; ³ eyes; ⁴ joyfully; ⁵ oxen;
⁶ drive; ⁷ twilight

18. The shepherd's wife (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 197; Hob. XXXIa:128^{bis}

A rose-bud by my early walk,
 Adown a corn-inclosed baw¹,
 Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning.
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And, drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast,
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender brood,
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
 On trembling string, or vocal air,
 Shalt sweetly pay the tender care
 That tents² thy early morning.
 So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

¹ grassy spot or strip in a corn field; ² cares for

/19. Mary's dream (Alexander Lowe)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 201; Hob. XXXIa:1^{bis}

The moon had climb'd the highest hill

Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
 And from the eastern summit shed
 Her silver light on tow'r and tree.
 When Mary laid her down to sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 When soft and low a voice was heard,
 Say "Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
 Her head, to ask who there might be –
 She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
 With visage pale and hollow eye;
 "O Mary dear, cold is my clay,
 "It lies beneath a stormy sea;
 "Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
 "So, Mary, weep no more for me.

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 "We soon shall meet upon that shore,
 "Where love is free from doubt and care,
 "And thou and I shall part no more."
 Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
 No more of Sandy could she see;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

20. Oonagh (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 220; Hob. XXXIa:249

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eye-brows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'er arching
 Twa laughing een¹ o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling, sae wyling²,

Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto those rosy lips to grow:
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wou'd make a saint forget the sky;
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk³ feature – auld nature
 Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair!
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sov'reign law;
 And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy shew at sunny noon;
 Gi'e me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, the rising moon;
 Fair beaming, and streaming
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang;
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn⁴ and leafy shaw⁵,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'.

¹ eyes; ² beguiling; ³ each, every; ⁴ meandering stream;
⁵ woody grove by a water side

21. The auld gudeman (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 233; Hob. XXXIa:184

A dialogue between a muirland¹ laird² and Meg his housekeeper

LAIRD
 I'll hae my coat o' gude snuff brown,
 My pouther'd³ wig to cou'r⁴ my crown,
 I'll deck me, Meg, and busk⁵ me fine,
 I'm ga'n to court a tocher'd quean⁶.

MEG
 Your hosens, Laird, are baith to darn,
 Your best sark's⁷ bleachin', (that's but harn⁸),
 Your coat's a' stour⁹, your wig's to kame¹⁰,
 Troth, Laird, ye better bide¹¹ at hame.

LAIRD
 And Punch will carry Jock, the lad,
 I'll ride mysel' the lang tail'd yad¹²,
 Wi' pistols at my saddle-tree,
 Well mounted, as a Laird should be.

MEG
 There's peats to cast, the hay's to cuile,
 The yad's run ovr the muir a mile,
 The saddle's stoun¹³, and Punch is lame;
 'Deed, Laird, ye better bide at hame.

Think, Laird, a wee¹⁴, and look about,
 Your gear's¹⁵ a' thrivin', in and out –
 I'm wae to see you courting dule¹⁶,
 Wha kens but this same quean's a fool.

LAIRD

Aye, ay, *your* drift's no ill to tell,
Ye fain wad hae me, Meg, yoursel';
But, sure as Blutterbog's my name,
I'll court the lass, and bring her hame.

¹ moorland; ² man of landed property; ³ powdered; ⁴ cover;
⁵ dress; ⁶ a buxom lass who has a dowry; ⁷ shirt; ⁸ coarse linen; ⁹ covered in dust; ¹⁰ comb; ¹¹ stay; ¹² mare; ¹³ stolen;
¹⁴ little; ¹⁵ goods, riches; ¹⁶ sorrow

22. Strathallan's¹ lament (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 221; Hob. XXXIa:145^{bis}

Thickest night surround my dwelling!
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Roaring by my lonely cave.
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress,
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the Heavens deny'd success.
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend;
The wide world is all before us,
But a world without a friend!

¹ Viscount Strathallan was killed in the Battle of Culloden (cf. No. 7).

23. Polwarth on the green (The Rev. James Grahame) JHW XXXII/3, No. 205; Hob. XXXIa:265

O Marion is a bonny lass,
There's witch'ry in her smile;
And yet by all it is confest,
That Marion's free from guile.
To hear her speak, there's music in't;
To see her dance at e'en,
So light she moves, you'd think you saw
Some Fairy trip the green.

Whene'er she sings, her artless notes
In sweetness far exceed
The echo, that from rock to rock
Repeats the shepherd's reed.
And all the while a wavering blush
On her cheek of beauty glows,
Like a bonny bird that sings half hid
Beneath a dewy rose.

Compact Disc 64

1. Bonny wee thing (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 250; Hob. XXXIa:102^{ter}

Bonny wee¹ thing, canny² wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine;
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine³.
Wishfully I look and languish,
In that bonny face of thine;
And my heart it stounds⁴ with anguish,
Lest my wee thing be not mine.

Bonny wee thing, &c
Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In one constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess of this soul of mine.

¹ little; ² gentle; ³ lose; ⁴ aches

2. The auld wife ayont¹ the fire (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 225; Hob. XXXIa:195

Where Cart rins rowing² to the sea,
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree,
There lives a lad, the lad for me,
He is a gallant sailor.
Oh I had wooers eight or nine,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine³,
And I gied it to the sailor.

My daddie sign'd my tocher band⁴,
To gi'e the lad that has the land,
But to my heart I'll add my hand,
And gi'e it to the sailor.
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers;
While bees delight in opening flowers;
While corn grows green in summer showers,
I love my gallant sailor.

¹ beyond; ² rolling; ³ be lost; ⁴ marriage settlement, dowry

3. The birks of Invermay (David Mallet) JHW XXXII/3, No. 183; Hob. XXXIa:187

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,

Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks¹ of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

¹ birch trees

4. Auld Rob Morris (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 184; Hob. XXXIa:192

There's auld Rob Morris that won's¹ in yon glen,
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale² of auld men;
He has gowd³ in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine⁴,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird⁵,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house⁶ and yard:
A wooer like me maunna⁷ hope to come speed;
The wounds I maun hide which will soon be my dead.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing⁸ had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

(vv 1-3 & 5)

¹ dwells; ² choice; ³ gold; ⁴ cows; ⁵ man of landed property;
⁶ tied or rented cottage on a farm; ⁷ must not; ⁸ describing

5. My deary an¹ thou die (Mr Crawford)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 179; Hob. XXXIa:166

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me.
Without thee I shall never live,
My deary, if thou die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair,
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh! never rob me from those arms:
I'm lost if Peggy die.

(vv 1 & 4)

¹ if

6. Jenny's bawbee (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 232; Hob. XXXIa:252

I met four chaps yon birks¹ amang,
Wi' hingin lugs² and faces lang;
I speer'd³ at neebour Bauldy Strang,
What are they these I see?
Quo' he, ilk⁴ cream-fac'd, pawky chiel⁵,
Thinks himsel' cunning as the de'il,
And here they came, awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee⁶.

The first, a captain to his trade,
Wi' skull ill-lin'd, but back weel clad,
March'd round the barn and bye the shed,
And pap'd on his knee:
Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
"Your beauty's dazzled baith my e'en!"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But – Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer niest⁷, wi' bletherin gab⁸,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn ay took a dab⁹,
And a' for a fee.
Accounts he ow'd through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair cou'd drown,
But now he thought to clout¹⁰ his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird niest trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup¹¹,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, had the grup¹²,
Or tie't till¹³ a tree.
"What's gowd¹⁴ to me, I've walth o' lan',

"Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thought to pay what he was awn¹⁵
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

Dress'd up just like the knave o' clubs,
A thing came niest, (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs¹⁶,
And jaupit¹⁷ a' was he.
He danc'd up, squintin through a glass,
And grinn'd "I' faith a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gae kaim¹⁸ his wig,
The soger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cry'd "Tehee!"
"I kent that I could never fail!"
But she prin'd¹⁹ the dish-clout²⁰ to his tail,
And sous'd²¹ him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee!

¹ birch trees; ² ears; ³ asked, enquired; ⁴ every; ⁵ cunning young fellow; ⁶ halfpenny; ⁷ next; ⁸ idle talk; ⁹ taste; ¹⁰ mend; ¹¹ with white-faced horse and silver whip; ¹² hold it firmly; ¹³ to; ¹⁴ gold; ¹⁵ owing; ¹⁶ full of puddles, or pools of rain-water; ¹⁷ bespattered with mud; ¹⁸ comb; ¹⁹ pinned; ²⁰ dish-cloth; ²¹ punished

7. Highland Mary (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 170; Hob. XXXIa:159

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity cannot efface
Those records dear of transports past,
The image of our last embrace; –
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

8. Variations on Killiecrankie
JHW XXXII/3, No. 268

9. If a body meet a body (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 195; Hob. XXXIa:80^{bis}

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For lack o' gear! ye lightly² me,
But troth I care na by³.
Yestreen I met you on the moor,

Ye spake na, but gaed by like stoure⁴;
Ye geck⁵ at me because I'm poor,
But fient⁶ a hair care I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day, &c
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink⁷,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day, &c
But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean⁸
That looks sae proud and high.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day, &c
Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
If he but want the miser's dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt⁹,
And answer him fu' dry.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day, &c
But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear¹⁰,
Be better than the kye¹¹.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day, &c
But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
The deil a ane would speir¹² your price,
Were ye as poor as I.

O Tibbie! I hae seen the day, &c
There lives a lass in yonder park,

I would na gie her under sark¹³
For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark;
Ye need na look sae high.

¹ riches, goods of any kind; ² sneer at; ³ I am indifferent;
⁴ dust in motion; ⁵ mock; ⁶ never; ⁷ cash; ⁸ buxom lass;
⁹ place; ¹⁰ learning; ¹¹ cows; ¹² ask, enquire; ¹³ shirt

10. Auld Robin Gray JHW XXXII/3, No. 161; Hob. XXXIa:168

When the sheep are in the fauld¹ and the ky² at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee³,
While my gude man lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He had na been gane but a year and a day,
When my father brake his arm and our cow was stown⁴
away;
My mother she fell sick and my Jamie at the sea
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father cou'd na work, and my mother cou'd na spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!
My heart it said Na; I look'd for Jamie back:
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck – why did na Jenny die.
O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me.

My father argu'd sair⁵; my mother did na speak

But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break.
Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was i' the sea;
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman⁶ to me.
I had na been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith⁷, for I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet⁸ and muckle⁹ did we say
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead; but I'm no like to die:
How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me.
I gang like a ghaist, and I dow na¹⁰ think to spin;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

¹ sheep-fold; ² cows; ³ eye; ⁴ stolen; ⁵ strenuously;
⁶ husband; ⁷ spirit, ghost; ⁸ weep; ⁹ much; ¹⁰ cannot

11. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/3, No. 176; Hob. XXXIa:178

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They are twa bonie lasses,
They biggit¹ a bower on yon burn brae²
And theekit³ it o'er wi' rashes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter:
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een⁴,
Soon gar⁵ my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap⁶;
She smiles like a May morning.
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning:

White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty⁷;
With ilka⁸ grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her een like diamond glances;
She's ay sae clean, red up⁹ and braw¹⁰,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco¹¹ sair oppress us;
Our fancies jee¹² between you twae,
Ye are sic bonie lasses:
Waes me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stinted¹³;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be with ane contented.

¹ built; ² steep or sloping bank of a river; ³ thatched;
⁴ coquettish eyes; ⁵ make, force; ⁶ flax on the distaff;
⁷ small and handsome; ⁸ every; ⁹ well dressed; ¹⁰ fine,
handsome; ¹¹ very; ¹² move; ¹³ restricted

12. The weary pund o' tow JHW XXXII/3, No. 202; Hob. XXXIa:129bis

The weary pund¹, the weary pund,
The weary pund o' tow²;
I thought my wife would end her life
Before she span her tow.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint³,

As good as e'er did grow,
And a' that she has made o' that
Is ae poor pund o' tow.
The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.
There sat a bottle in a bole⁴,
Ayont⁵ the ingle⁶ low
And ay she took the tither soak⁷
To drook⁸ the stoury⁹ tow.
The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.
For shame! said I, you dirty dame,
Gae spin your tap¹⁰ o' tow;
She took the rock, and wi' a knock
She brake it o'er my pow¹¹!
The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.
At length her feet, I sang to see't,
Gaed foremost o'er the know¹²;
And ere I wed anither jade¹³,
I'll wallop¹⁴ in a tow.
The weary pund, the weary pund, &c.

¹ pound; ² substance of which some ropes are made; ³ flax;

⁴ square aperture; ⁵ beyond; ⁶ fire-place; ⁷ another drink; ⁸ soak; ⁹ dusty; ¹⁰ quantity of flax or tow put on the distaff; ¹¹ head, skull; ¹² small round hillock; ¹³ giddy young girl; ¹⁴ move swiftly with great spirit

13. Maggie Lauder JHW XXXII/3, No. 164; Hob. XXXIa:35^{bis}

Wha wadna be in love
Wi' bonie Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And spier'd¹ what was't they ca'd her?
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
"Begone, you hallanshaker²;
"Jogg on your gate³, you bladderskate⁴,
"My name is Maggy Lauder."

"Maggy," quo' he, "and by my bags,
"I'm fidging⁵ fain to see thee;
"Sit down by me, my bonie bird,
"In troth I winna steer⁶ thee:
"For I'm a piper to my trade,
"My name is Rob the Ranter;
"The lasses loup⁷ as they were daft
"When I blaw up my chanter."

"Piper," quo' Meg, "ha'e ye your bags,
"Or is your drone in order?
"If you be Rob, I've heard of you:
"Live you upo' the border?
"The lasses a', baith far and near
"Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
"I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
"Gif you'll blaw up your chanter."

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly⁸ could she frisk it.
"Weel done," quo' he "Play up," quo' she:
"Weel bobb'd," quo' Rob the Ranter;

"It's worth my while to play indeed,
"When I ha'e sic a dancer."

"Weel ha'e you play'd your part," quo' Meg,
"Your cheeks are like the crimson;
"There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
"Since we lost Habby Simson.
"I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
"These ten years and a quarter;
"Gin you should come to Anst'er⁹ fair,
"Spier ye for Maggy Lauder."

¹ asked, enquired; ² ragamuffin; ³ get on your way; ⁴ foolish babbling fellow; ⁵ fidgeting; ⁶ molest; ⁷ leap, jump; ⁸ very well; ⁹ Anstruther, a fishing village in Fife

14. Sensibility (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 181; Hob. XXXIa:173

Sensibility, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray;
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay!
Let the blast, &c.

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys:
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.
Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow!
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,

Thrill the deepest notes of woe.
Chords that vibrate, &c.

15. Edinburgh Kate JHW XXXII/3, No. 192; Hob. XXXIa:69^{bis}

Now wat' ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fu' bonny, braw³, and sweet, my jo.
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill;
Since ye're out of your mother's sight,
Let's tak a walk up to the hill.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny⁴, soft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks⁵ have formed a bow'r:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to that caller⁶ shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And breathe the tender tale of love.

(vv 1 & 4)

¹ know; ² sweetheart; ³ fine, handsome; ⁴ gentle; ⁵ birch trees; ⁶ fresh

16. Woo'd and married and a' (Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/3, No. 191; Hob. XXXIa:38^{bis}

No house in the village could stow them,
We were crowded with gallants so gay,
So deck'd out, you scarcely could know them,
All booted in costly array.

The grass was trod down in our meadows,
 It never grew up into hay,
 The lovers grew meagre as shadows,
 Before the fair maid went away.
 Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away,
 The pride and the boast of the parish
 Is gone and married away.

But if Harry had known her as I do,
 How her youth has been trifled away,
 Without knitting, or baking, or brewing,
 Or spinning, or making of hay:
 Her dress was her sole occupation,
 And when that is taken away,
 She will quickly wear out of the fashion,
 When drest in plain garments of grey.
 Woo'd and carried away, woo'd and carried away,
 The buxom fine toast of the parish
 Is gone and married away.

(vv 1 & 2)

17. Tak your auld cloak about ye
JHW XXXII/3, No. 173; Hob. XXXIa:180

In winter when the rain rain'd could,
 And frost and snaw on ilka¹ hill,
 And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld,
 Was threat'ning our ky² to kill:
 Then Bell my wife, wha lo'es na strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 "Get up, goodman³, save Cromie's life,
 And tak your auld cloak about ye."

'My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kyne⁴;

'Aft has she wet the bairns⁵ mou⁶,
 And I am laith that she should tyne⁷;
 'Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,
 'The sun shines in the lift⁸ sae hie;
 'Sloth never made a gracious end,
 'Go tak your auld cloak about ye.'

'In days when our king Robert rang⁹,
 'His trews¹⁰ they cost but ha'f a crown;
 'He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 'And call'd the taylor for thief and loun¹¹.
 'He was the king that wore a crown,
 'And thou'rt a man of laigh¹² degree,
 "'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 'Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.'

"Bell, my wife, she loves na strife;
 "But she wad guide me, if she can,
 "And to maintain an easy life,
 "I aft maun¹³ yield, though I'm goodman:
 "Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 "Unless ye give her a' the plea;
 "Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 "And tak my auld cloak about me."

(vv 1, 2, 4 & 7)

¹ every; ² cows; ³ husband, master of the house; ⁴ cattle
 stock; ⁵ childrens'; ⁶ mouth; ⁷ be lost; ⁸ sky; ⁹ reigned;
¹⁰ trousers; ¹¹ ragamuffin; ¹² low; ¹³ must

18. Waes my heart that we should sunder
(Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 151; Hob. XXXIa:155

With broken words, and down-cast eyes,

Poor Colin spoke his passion tender:
 And, parting with his Lucy, cries,
 Ah! woe's my heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as snow,
 But kindle with thine eyes like tinder;
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go:
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me though we sunder.
 Ye Gods! take care of my dear lass,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that blest time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

(vv 1 & 3)

19. Johnnie's grey breeks¹ (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 177; Hob. XXXIa:154

'Twas ev'n – the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang;
 The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along;
 In ev'ry glen the mavis² sang,
 All nature list'ning seem'd the while,
 Except where green-wood echoes rang
 Among the braes³ of Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,

Her air like nature's vernal smile;
 The lily's hue and rose's dye
 Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.

Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild,
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
 But woman, nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Even there her other works are foild
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

O had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
 Thro' weary winter's wind and rain
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

(vv 1-4)

¹ breeches; ² thrush; ³ hillsides

20. Fy let's a' to the bridal
JHW XXXII/3, No. 212; Hob. XXXIa:20bis

'Tis nae very lang sinsyne¹
 That I had a lad o' my ain;
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lane².
 The lass he's courting has siller³,
 And I hae nane at a';
 'Tis nought but the love of the tocher⁴

That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled⁵ together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does slight me, and's left me,
The chield⁶ he deserves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
As blythe as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the sillier
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
And he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom sae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up⁷,
To make me a partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

(vv 1, 4 & 6)

¹ since that time; ² and left me all alone; ³ silver,
money;
⁴ marriage portion, dowry; ⁵ married; ⁶ young fellow;
⁷ would propose

21. Let me in this ae night (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 209; Hob. XXXIa:61^{bis}

O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit¹,
For Love has bound me, hand and foot,
And I would fain be in, jo².
O let me in this ae night,
This ae night, this ae night;

For pity's sake, this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in this ae night, &c.

Her Answer

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate³ ye came again,
I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae night, this ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest⁴ blast, at mirkest⁵ hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nought to what poor she endures
That's trusted faithless man, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer day,
Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let witless, trusting woman say
How aft her fate's the same, jo.
I tell you now, &c.

(vv 1, 2, 4, 5 & 7)

¹ know; ² sweetheart; ³ road; ⁴ most biting; ⁵ darkest

22. Galashiels (William Hamilton)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 153; Hob. XXXIa:179

Ah the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.

Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heav'nly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee;
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

23. Ay waking, O!
(Robert Burns, the 1st stanza excepted)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 163; Hob. XXXIa:157

On Chloris being ill

Ay waking, O!
Waking ay and wearie,
Rest I canna get
For thinking on my dearie.
O this love, this love!
Life to me how dreary!
When I sleep I dream,
O! when I wake I'm eerie¹.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Ev'ry hope is fled,
Ev'ry fear is terror;
Slumber ev'n I dread,
Ev'ry dream is horror.
O this love, this love!

Long, long the night,
Heavy comes the morrow,
While my soul's delight
Is on her bed of sorrow.
Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But, my Chloris, spare me!
Spare, O spare my love!

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ fearful, dreading apparitions

Compact Disc 65

1. Tears that must ever fall (David Mallet) JHW XXXII/3, No. 196; Hob. XXXIa:186

A youth, adorn'd with every art
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possess;
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His shape and face exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom Love had made sincere.

At morn he left me, – fought, and fell,
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed:
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For ah! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead!

2. The birks of Abergeldie (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/3, No. 237; Hob. XXXIa:58^{bis}

Bonie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonie lassie, will ye go

To the birks¹ of Abergeldy?
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes²,
And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, &c.
The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, &c.
The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws³,
The birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, &c.
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns⁴ the burnie pours,
And rising weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Abergeldy.

Bonie lassie, &c.
Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely best wi' love and thee
In the birks of Abergeldy.

¹ birch trees; ² hillsides; ³ woody groves by a water side;
⁴ waterfalls

3. The looking glass (Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/3, No. 204; Hob. XXXIa:158

For you, ye fair, the olive spreads
For you the myrtles blossom,
The low, retiring violet sheds
Its fragrance in your bosom.
While in your native sphere you move,
And seek no higher station,
'Tis your's to lead in bands of love
The lords that rule creation.

At first with graces, airs, and smiles,
Each artless heart enchanting,
She soon forgets these common wiles,
For greater conquests panting.
On sportive wit and native charms
No longer has reliance,
But wrests from man his boasted arms,
Philosophy and science.

While, dumb with wonder and affright,
She vainly thinks him dying! –
The lover, like a recreant knight,
His safety seeks by flying!
Though lofty flights a while may please,
When novel and uncommon,
'Tis modest worth and graceful ease
That charm in lovely woman.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

4. Ettrick banks JHW XXXII/3, No. 155; Hob. XXXIa:151

On Ettrick banks, in a simmer's night,

At gloaming¹ when the sheep came hame,
I met my lassie, braw² and tight³,
Come wading through the mist her lane⁴:
My heart grew light; I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapt her there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck⁵.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Earse⁶ to learn?
I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe
When ye come to the brig of Earn,
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash⁷,
And herrings at the Broomy Law;
Cheer up your heart, my bonie lass,
There's gear⁸ to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaws begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring⁹;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant simmer back again.

Syne¹⁰ when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans¹¹ glent¹² o'er ilka¹³ field,
I'll meet my lass among the broom,
And lead her to my simmer shield¹⁴.
There far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That make the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
And gar¹⁵ the longest day seem short.

¹ twilight; ² fine, handsome; ³ shapely, well-formed;

⁴ herself alone; ⁵ not very many; ⁶ Gaelic; ⁷ worry;
⁸ riches, goods of any kind; ⁹ a quick tune on a musical
instrument; ¹⁰ then; ¹¹ flowers of the daisy, dandelion,
hawkweed; ¹² shine, glitter; ¹³ every; ¹⁴ shed; ¹⁵ make

5. O'er bogie¹ (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 190; Hob. XXXIa:16^{bis}

Well I agree, ye're sure of me;
Next to my father gae;
Make him content to give consent,
He'll hardly say you nay:
For ye have what he wou'd be at,
And will commend you weel,
Since parents auld think love grows cauld,
Where bairns² want milk and meal³.

Shou'd he deny, I carena by⁴,
He'd contradict in vain,
Tho' a' my kin⁵ had said and sworn,
But thee I will have nane.
Then never range, nor learn to change,
Like those in high degree:
And if you faithful prove in love
You'll find nae fault in me.

¹ a marsh; ² children; ³ oatmeal; ⁴ I am indifferent; ⁵ family

6. Barbara Allan (Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 166; Hob. XXXIa:11^{bis}

*Written on the death of Colonel Gardiner¹ at the Battle
of Preston, in 1745*

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,

Before the first cock's crowing,
When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
With hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard
The boding screech-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"O night presaging sorrow,
"O dismal night!" she said, and wept,
"But more I dread tomorrow.
"For now the bloody hour draws nigh,
"Each host to Preston bending;
"At morn shall sons their fathers slay,
"With deadly hate contending.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
The fatal tidings dreading;
"O speak," she cry'd, "my father's slain!
"I see, I see him bleeding!" –
A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
At morn, fair maid, I left him;
'Even at the thresh-hold of his gate,
'The foe of life bereft him.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee, my native land,
What woes are still remaining!
But why complain? the hero's soul
Is high in heaven shining:
May Providence defend our isle
From all our foes designing.

(vv 1, 2, 4 & 6)

¹ Colonel Gardiner served in the Hanoverian army under
General Sir John Cope. Cope's men were heavily
defeated by Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Jacobite army
at the Battle of Preston Pans, on 21 September 1745.

7. The blue bell of Scotland (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 263; Hob. XXXIa:176

*Written on the Marquis of Huntly's departure for the
Continent with his regiment, in 1799.*

'Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?
'Oh where, tell me where, is your Highland Laddie gone?'
'He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds
are done,
'And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home.
'He's gone with streaming banners, where noble deeds
are done,
'And my sad heart will tremble, till he come safely home."

'O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?
'O where, tell me where, did your Highland Laddie stay?'
'He dwel't beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
'And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away.
'He dwel't beneath the holly-trees, beside the rapid Spey,
'And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he went away."

'Oh what, tell me, what does your Highland Laddie wear?'
'Oh what, tell me, what does your Highland Laddie wear?'
'A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
'And a plaid¹ across the manly breast that yet shall wear a
star.
'A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge of war,
'And a plaid across the manly breast that yet shall wear a
star."

'Suppose, ah suppose that some cruel cruel wound
'Should pierce your Highland Laddie, and all your hopes
confound!'
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
round him fly,
"The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in his eye:
"The pipe would play a cheering march, the banners
round him fly,
"And for his king and country dear with pleasure he
would die."

"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
"But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny bounds,
"His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
"While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name
resounds:
"His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious wounds,
"While wide through all our Highland hills his warlike name
resounds."

¹ rectangular length of twilled woollen cloth

8. Saw ye my father (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 160; Hob. XXXIa: 5^{bis}

Where are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danc'd to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
At evening the wild-woods among?

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
And grim, surly winter is near?
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses,
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long, long too well have I known:
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Not hope dare a comfort bestow:
Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

(vv 1, & 3-5)

9. The braes¹ of Ballenden (Dr Blacklock)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 188; Hob. XXXIa:200

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain
One ev'ning reclin'd, to discover his pain.
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain;
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd on my view!
These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning more cheerful than they;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight –
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

But see the pale moon all clouded retires;
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind:
Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care!
Since length'ning its moments but lengthens despair.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ hillsides

10. John o' Badenyon (The Rev. John Skinner)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 189; Hob. XXXIa:24^{bis}

When first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there, and ev'ry where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want,
But rambl'd up and down;
And for a beau I might have pass'd
In country or in town:
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find;
For love, they say, gives one an air,
And ev'n improves the mind:
On Phillis fair, above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice:
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do:

But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed:
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And study'd night and day;
Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth:
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name;
For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd, and warning take,
From such a man as me;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where,
Then do as I have done;

E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

(vv 1, 2, 5 & 6)

11. Fee¹ him, father
JHW XXXII/3, No. 171; Hob. XXXIa:156

Saw ye Johny coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johny coming:
Saw ye Johny coming, quo' she,
Saw ye Johny coming;
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And wi' his dogie running,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his dogie running, quo' she,
And his dogie running?

O what will I do wi' him, quo' he,
What will I do wi' him?
He has ne'er a coat upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa coats into my kist²,
And ane of them I'll gie him:
And for a merk³ of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
Weel do I loe him;
For weel do I loe him, quo' she,
Weel do I loe him;
O fee him, father, fee him, quo'she,
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll ha'd the pleugh⁴, thrash in the barn,
And crack⁵ wi' me at e'en, quo' she,

And crack wi' me at e'en.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ hire; ² chest; ³ silver coin; ⁴ hold the plough; ⁵ converse

12. The ewie¹ wi' the crooked horn

(The Rev. John Skinner)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 162; Hob. XXXIa:116^{bis}

O were I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw:
My ewie wi' the crookit horn,
A' that kent² her could ha' sworn,
Sic³ a ewie ne'er was born
Here about nor far awa'.

Yet last week, for a' my keeping,
– I canna speak o't without greeting⁴ –
A villain came, when I was sleeping.
Staw⁵ my ewie, horn and a'.
I sought her sair upo' the morn;
And, down aneath a buss⁶ o' thorn,
I got my ewie's crookit horn;
But my ewie was awa'.

O had she died o' crook or cauld,
As ewies die whan they grow auld,
It wadna been by mony fauld
Sae sair a heart to ane o's a':
For a' the clai⁷ that we ha' worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we could ha'e born,
Had fair strae death⁸ ta'en her awa'.

But thus, poor thing! to lose her life
Aneath a greedy villain's knife!
I'm really fleyt⁹ that our guidwife
Will never win aboon't ava'¹⁰.
O! a' ye bards benorth Kingorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae us, and fell'd and a'.

(vv 1, 5, 7 & 8)

¹ ewe; ² knew; ³ such; ⁴ weeping; ⁵ stole; ⁶ bush; ⁷ cloth;
⁸ a natural death; ⁹ scared; ¹⁰ will never recover from it at all

13. Pinkie House (J. Mitchell)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 178; Hob. XXXIa:183

By Pinky House oft let me walk,
While, circled in my arms,
I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me ever fond behold
Those graces void of art!
Those cheerful smiles, that sweetly hold
In willing chains my heart!

Come, then, my love! O come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inspirer of my song!
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms so bright as thine,
So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
And fill the soul divine.

(vv 1 & 4)

14. Bonny Jean (Allan Ramsay)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 180; Hob. XXXIa:172

Love's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, "Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
"Nor let thy shafts at random rove,
"For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed."
The smiling boy with divine art,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

No more the nymph, with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew no care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
No more the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
He wonders at her in his dreams.
All charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen,
With breaking day he lifts his sight,
And pants to be with bonny Jean.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

15. Bannocks o' barleymeal (Alexander Boswell)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 194; Hob. XXXIa:171

Argyle is my name, – and you may think it strange,
To live at a court, and yet never to change:
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.
The foes of my country and king I have fac'd,
In city or battle I ne'er was disgrac'd,
I've done what I could for my country's weal;
Now I'll feast upon bannocks¹ o' barleymeal².

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu;
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you.
For Scotland, I mingled in bustle and strife;
For myself, I seek peace, and an innocent life:
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene
With Maggie my love, in her rockley³ o' green;
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I feel,
While *she* shares my bannock o' barleymeal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,
He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride; –
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side.
I pant for the breeze of my lov'd native place;
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And feast upon bannocks o' barleymeal.

¹ a flat cake toasted on a girdle; ² barley flour; ³ cloak

16. Green grow the rashes (Robert Burns)

JHW XXXII/3, No. 218; Hob. XXXIa:8^{bis}

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',

In ev'ry hour that passes:
 What signifies the life o' man
 If 'twere na for the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes,
 Green grow the rashes,
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Are spent amang the lasses.

The warldly race may riches chace,
 And riches still may fly them;
 And tho' at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
 Green grow the rashes, &c.

Gie me a canny¹ hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie;
 And warldly cares, and warldly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie².
 Green grow the rashes, &c.

For you sae douse³, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses;
 The wisest man the warld saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes;
 Her prentice han' she tried on man,
 And then she made the lasses.
 Green grow the rashes, &c.

¹ gentle; ² topsy-turvy; ³ sober, prudent

17. The blathrie¹ o't (Robert Burns) **JHW XXXII/3, No. 165; Hob. XXXIa:162**

I gaed a waefu' gate² yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I got my death frae twa sweet een³,
 Twa lovely een of bonie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom, lily white, –
 It was her een sae bonie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd⁴,
 She charm'd my soul, I wist⁵ na how;
 And ay the stound⁶, the deadly wound,
 Came frae her een sae bonie blue.

But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She'll aiblins⁷ listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonie blue.

¹ nonsense; ² road; ³ eyes; ⁴ beguiled by flattery; ⁵ knew;
⁶ ache, pain; ⁷ perhaps

18. My mither's ay glowrin o'er me **JHW XXXII/3, No. 182; Hob. XXXIa:70^{bis}**

My mither's ay glowrin¹ o'er me,
 Though she did the same before me,
 I canna get leave to look at my Love,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take your offer,

Sweet Sir, but I'll tine² my tocher³;
 Then, Sandy, you'll fret, and wyte⁴ your poor Kate,
 Whene'er ye keek⁵ in your toom⁶ coffer.

For though my father has plenty
 Of siller⁷, and plenishing⁸ dainty,
 Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear⁹;
 And sae we had need to be tenty¹⁰.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka¹¹ motion;
 Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal¹² hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

¹ staring, looking earnestly; ² lose; ³ marriage portion, dowry;
⁴ blame; ⁵ peep; ⁶ empty; ⁷ silver, money;
⁸ household furniture; ⁹ he's very unwilling to part with his riches, or goods of any kind; ¹⁰ careful, cautious;
¹¹ every; ¹² loyal

19. Scornfu' Nansy (Alexander Boswell) **JHW XXXII/3, No. 175; Hob. XXXIa:185**

Far in the glen, whence yonder light
 Scarce pierces through the gloaming¹,
 I've linger'd oft till fall of night,
 Around the cot-house roaming:
 Or listen'd, while the frequent breeze
 Wafted the song of Nancy;
 While on the pool, or through the trees,
 The moon-beam sooth'd my fancy.

'Twas here, beneath this blooming thorn,
 I vow'd I'd never leave her;
 A wretch ne'er saw the light of morn

So base that could deceive her.
 O Love! blest be thine artless power,
 That did my thoughts discover;
 And ever blessed be the hour
 She own'd me for her lover!

Yes, round this thorn, the twining rose
 In native bloom shall flourish;
 And, ever while it buds and blows,
 'Twill sweet remembrance nourish.
 Each blissful scene, when here we meet
 Be memory's fond treasure;
 And oft I'll seek this happy seat,
 And ponder on past pleasure.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ twilight

20. I wish my Love were in a myre (Robert Burns) **JHW XXXII/3, No. 158; Hob. XXXIa:177**

Again rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.
 In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring,
 In vain to me in glen or shaw¹,
 The mavis² and the lintwhite³ sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie⁴ seedsman stalks;
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks⁵.
 The sheep-herd steeks⁶ his faulding slap⁷,

And o'er the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flitt'ring wings,
A wae-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me.

¹ woody grove by a water side; ² thrush; ³ linnet;
⁴ cautious; ⁵ wakens; ⁶ closes; ⁷ gate to the sheep-fold

21. The death of the linnet (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 207; Hob. XXXIa:138^{bis}

But lately seen, in gladsome green,
The woods rejoic'd the day,
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay.
But now, ah now, our joys are fled
On winter blasts awa!
Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow¹, nae kindly thowe²
Shall melt the snaws of age;
My trunk of eild³, but buss⁴ or beild⁵,
Sinks in time's wintry rage.
Oh! age has weary, weary days!
And nights o' sleepless pain!
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,
Why com'st thou not again!

¹ head; ² thaw; ³ old age; ⁴ bush; ⁵ shelter

22. Rothiemurcus rant (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/3, No. 174; Hob. XXXIa:165

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks¹,
Bonie lassie, artless lassie!
Wilt thou wi' me tent² the flocks,
Wilt thou be my dearie O?
Now Nature cleeds³ the flow'ry lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee;
O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie O?

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, &c
And when the welcome summer show'r
Has cheer'd ilk⁴ drooping little flow'r,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
At sultry noon, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, &c
When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's hameward way,
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,
And talk of love, my dearie O.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, &c
And when the howling, wintry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
Enclasped to my faithful breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.

¹ flaxen hair; ² care for; ³ clothes; ⁴ every

Scottish Songs for George Thomson III

Compact Disc 66

1. Here awa there awa (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 293; Hob. XXXIa:257^{bis}

Here awa¹, there awa², wandering Willie,
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame³;
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary,
Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a lover alarms!
Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
May I never see it, may I never trow⁴ it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ hither; ² thither; ³ come away home; ⁴ believe

2. Over the water to Charlie
JHW XXXII/4, No. 288; Hob. XXXIa:267

My loyal heart is light and free,
I feel it beating rarely,
Come haste wi' me o'er land and sea,
To welcome hame Prince Charlie.

We'll over the water, we'll over the sea¹,

We'll over the water to Charlie,
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades²,
Nae mair shall lord it o'er us;
The snaw-white rose, the dread of foes,
Shall make them skip before us.
Over the water, and over the sea,
We'll over the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I swear by moon and stars so bright,
And sun that glances early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd gi'e them a' to Charlie.
We'll over the water, we'll over the sea,
We'll over the water to Charlie;
Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The Ferry of Balachulish is the water or sea here alluded to; for, in the common parlance of the Highlands, every little firth or arm of the sea, was called the sea.'

² Hanoverian troops, whose cap emblem was the black cockade in contrast to the Jacobites' white cockade ('snawwhite rose')

3. Lochaber (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 292; Hob. XXXIa:190

Farewel to Lochaber, farewel to my Jean,

Where heartsome with thee I have mony¹ day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
 And not for the dangers attending on weir²;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun³ plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ many; ² war; ³ must

4. O'er the moor among the heather (Jean Glover)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 280; Hob. XXXIa:122bis
(Neukomm)

Coming thro' the craigs of Kyle,
 Among the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither¹.
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her ewes thegither.

Said I, my dear, where is thy hame,
 In moor, or dale, pray tell me whether?

She said, I tent² the fleecy flocks
 That feed among the blooming heather.
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed among the blooming heather.

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne³
 I cou'dna think on ither:
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass among the heather.
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather:
 By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
 The bonnie lass among the heather.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ together; ² care for; ³ since that time

5. Happy Dick Dawson (Hector Macneill)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 285; Hob. XXXIa:247
(Neukomm)

I lo'e ne'er a laddie but ane,
 He lo'es ne'er a lassie but me,
 He promis'd to make me his ain,
 And his ain I surely will be.
 He coft¹ me a rokely² o' blue,
 And a pair o' mittens sae green;
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',
 And I paid him his debt yestreen.

My mither's ay making a fraise³,
 And says I'm o'er young for a wife;
 But lang e'er she counted my days,

My father had ta'en her for life.
 Sae mither just settle your tongue,
 And dinna be flying⁴ sae bauld⁵;
 For if we're not married when young,
 We'll never be married when auld.

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
 "Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say;
 "Tho' we've little to brag of, ne'er fear,
 "What's gowd⁶ to a heart that is wae?
 "Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 "Yet see, how he's dwining⁷ wi' care;
 "Now we, tho' we've naithing but health,
 "Are cantie⁸ and leal⁹ evermair.

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile,
 Waes me! can I tak' it amiss,
 When a lad sae unpractis'd in guile,
 Smiles saftly, and ends wi' a kiss!
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment
 Your lovers wi' fause¹⁰ scorn and strife,
 Play your pranks – for I've gi'en my consent,
 And this night I'll tak' Jamie for life.

(vv 1, 2, 4 & 6)

¹ bought; ² cloak; ³ pretending a great deal of kindness;
⁴ scolding; ⁵ bold; ⁶ gold; ⁷ decaying; ⁸ cheerful, merry;
⁹ loyal; ¹⁰ false

6. My Love's a winsome wee thing (Robert Burns)
(v. 1) & George Thomson (vv 2 & 3))
JHW XXXII/4, No. 277; Hob. XXXIa:268
(Neukomm)

My Love's a winsome¹ wee thing,

She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 She has promis'd right soon to be mine.
 I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist² my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine³.

O blessings on my wee thing,
 My kindly blythesome wee thing,
 With the hand and heart o' my wee thing,
 My lot will be almost divine.
 In Roslin's fairest bower,
 I'll shelter this sweet flower,
 Nae blast nor sleety shower
 Shall blight this rose of mine.

I doat on ilka⁴ feature
 Of this dear artless creature,
 This darling child of Nature,
 More precious than light to my eye.
 In vain I've roam'd for pleasure,
 Through follies without measure;
 But now I've found a treasure
 Too rich for a king to buy.

¹ desirable; ² next; ³ be lost; ⁴ each, every

7. Tibbie Fowler
JHW XXXII/4, No. 283; Hob. XXXIa:52bis
(Neukomm)

Tibbie Fowler o' the glen,
 There's o'er mony¹ wooing at her,
 Seven but, and seven ben²,
 And mony mair wooing at her.

Wooing at her, puig³ at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf⁴, it's for her pelf⁵
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

Ten cam east, and ten cam west,
Ten cam rowing o'er the water;
Twa cam down the lang dyke-side,
There's twa and thirty wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puig at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

She's got pendles⁶ in her lugs⁷
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High heel'd shoon⁸ and siller⁹ tags,
And a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, puig at her,
Courting at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf
That a' the lads are wooing at her.
Wooing at her, &c.

(vv 1, 2 & 3)

¹ many; ² seven outside the house and seven in the parlour; ³ pulling; ⁴ hideous creature; ⁵ money, riches; ⁶ jewels, ear-rings; ⁷ ears; ⁸ shoes; ⁹ silver

8. Cro Challin¹
(translated from the Gaelic by Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 287b; Hob. XXXIa:253A
(Neukomm)

My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear,
Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;
O where are thy flocks, that so swiftly rebound,
And fly o'er the heath without touching the ground?

(v 1)

¹ Cattle of Colin

9. The rock and a wee pickle tow (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 273; Hob. XXXIa:253B
(Neukomm)

Colin to Flora

O were I as fleet as the wings of the wind,
In chace of the roes when springing, love,
At the sound of your voice I would loiter behind,
So sweet is the charm of your singing, love.
I heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm
Would slacken my speed, and enervate my arm;
The deer, drawing near, now no more in alarm,
Secure through the woodlands are springing, love.

Let my arrows be scatter'd, my bow be unstrung,
And the deer all in safety be springing, love;
Let me gaze on your eyes, and attend to your tongue,
While the woodlands in concert are ringing, love.
While pining and twining the chaplet for me,
Thy hunter still chases a vision of thee;
My youth and my truth from inconstancy free,

I vow'd to you at the beginning, love.

(vv 1 & 3)

10. The white cockade¹ (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 286; Hob. XXXIa:22bis
(Neukomm)

A highland lad my love was born,
The lawland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithful to his clan,

My gallant braw² John Highlandman.
Sing hey, my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho, my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the land
Was match for my John Highlandman!

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

(vv 1, 4 & 6)

¹ The white cockade was the emblem worn by the Jacobites on their blue bonnets; ² fine, handsome

11. Lassie wi' the gowden hair (Hector Macneill)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 321; Hob. XXXIa:272

Lassie wi' the gowden¹ hair,
Silken snood², and face sae fair;
Lassie wi' the yellow hair,
Think-na to deceive me.
Lassie wi' the gowden hair,

Flattering smile, and face sae fair,
Fare ye weel! for never mair
Johnnie will believe ye.
Oh, no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn;
Oh, no! Mary Bawn, ye'll nae mair deceive me.

Mary saw him turn to part;
Deep his words sank in her heart;
Soon the tears began to start,
"Johnnie, will ye leave me?"
Soon the tears began to start,
Grit and gritter grew his heart;
"Yet a word before we part,
Love could ne'er deceive ye."
Oh, no! Johnnie doo, Johnnie doo, Johnnie doo;
Oh, no! Johnnie doo – love could ne'er deceive ye.

Johnnie took a parting keek³;
Saw the tears drap o'er her cheek;
Pale she stood, but couldna speak –
Mary's cured o' smiling.
Johnnie took anither keek –
Beauty's rose has left her cheek;
Pale she stands, and canna speak –
This is nae beguiling.
Oh, no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, dear Mary Bawn;
Oh, no! Mary Bawn – love has nae beguiling.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ golden; ² band for tying up a woman's hair; ³ glance, peep

12. What ails this heart of mine (Miss Blamire)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 327; Hob. XXXIa:244

What ails this heart of mine,
What means this wat'ry ee?
What makes me ay turn cauld as death,
When I tak' leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place, and change o' folk
May gar¹ thy fancy jee².

Then I'll sit down and moan,
Beneath yon spreading tree,
And gin³ a leaf fa' in my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee!
Syne⁴ I'll gang to the bower
Which thou wi' roses tied,
'Twas there by mony a blushing bud
I strove my love to hide.

I'll doat on ilka⁵ spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
I'll ca' to mind some fond love tale
By ev'ry burn and tree.
'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
Though lovers absent be;
And when I think I see thee still,
I think I'm still wi' thee.

¹ force; ² change, move; ³ if; ⁴ then; ⁵ each, every

13. Shelagh O'Neal (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 269; Hob. XXXIa:239
(Neukomm)

Oft, oft, I went to her, to sigh and to woo her;
Of mighty fine things did I say a great deal;
Above all the rest, what still pleas'd her the best,
Was, "Och! will you marry me, Shelah O'Neal?"
My point I soon carried, for fast we got married;
The weight o' my bargain I then 'gan to feel;
She scolded and fisted, O then I enlisted,
Left Ireland, and whisky, and Shelah O'Neal.

But tir'd and dull-hearted, my corps I deserted,
And fled off to regions far distant from home,
To Frederick's army, where nought was to harm me,
Not the devil himself, in the shape of a bomb.
I fought ev'ry battle, where cannon did rattle,
Felt sharp shot, alas! and their sharp-pointed steel;
But in all the wars round, thank my stars, I ne'er found
Aught so sharp as thy tongue, O curs'd Shelah O'Neal!

14. The border widow's lament¹ (Walter Scott)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 289; Hob. XXXIa:232
(Neukomm)

My love built me a bonnie bower,
And clad it a' wi' lily flower;
A brawer² bower ye ne'er did see,

Than my true love he built for me.
There came a man, by middle day,
He spied his sport, and went away;
And brought the king, at dead of night,

Who brake my bower, and slew my knight.

I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd the corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body, night and day;
No living creature came that way.

I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gaed, and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happ'd³ him with the sod sae green.

Nae living man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock of his yellow hair,
I'll chain my heart for evermair.

(vv 1, 2, 4, 5, & 7)

¹ Thomson noted: 'This affecting Fragment, obtained by Mr Scott from recitation, is said to relate to the execution of Cockburne of Henderland, a Border freebooter, hanged over the gate of his own tower by James V., in the course of that memorable expedition in 1529, which was fatal to Johnnie Armstrong, Adam Scott of Tushielaw, and many other marauders.'
² finer, more handsome; ³ wrapped, covered

15. The shepherd's son (Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 363; Hob. XXXIa:106ter

The gowan¹ glitters on the sward²,
The lavrock's³ in the sky,
And Colley on my plaid⁴ keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad and slow!

I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trysting bush
It wears so slowly round!

I coft⁵ yestreen from Chapman Tam
A snood⁶ of bonnie blue,
And promised, when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad and slow!
The time it winna pass:
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O, now I see her on the way,
She's past the Witches' Knowe:
She's climbing up the Brownie's Brae,
My heart is in a lowe⁷.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glamrie⁸ I hae seen:
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

(vv 1, 4 & 5)

¹ flower of the dandelion, hawkweed; ² green grass;
³ lark; ⁴ rectangular length of twilled woollen cloth;
⁵ bought; ⁶ band for tying up a woman's hair; ⁷ on fire;
⁸ charm, spell

16. Good night and joy be wi' ye
(Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 270; Hob. XXXIa:254
(Neukomm)

The old chieftain to his sons

Good night and joy be wi' ye a';
 Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:
 May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw!
 In sorrow may ye never part!
 My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
 The mountain fires now blaze in vain:
 Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
 And in your deeds I'll live again.

When on yon muir¹ our gallant clan
 Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
 Wha show'd himsel a better man,
 Or fiercer wav'd the red claymore?²
 But when in peace, – then mark me there –
 When thro' the glen the wanderer came,
 I gave him of our hardy fare,
 I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun³ hear,
 Be canty⁴, but be good and leal⁵;
 Your ain ills ay ha'e heart to bear,
 Anither's ay ha'e heart to feel.
 So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
 I'll see you triumph ere I fa':
 My parting breath shall boast you mine:
 Good night and joy be wi' ye a'!

¹ moor; ² broad sword; ³ must; ⁴ cheerful; merry; ⁵ loyal

17. Johnny Faw¹ – or, The gypsie laddie
JHW XXXII/4, No. 340a; Hob. XXXIa:251
(Neukomm?)

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And wow but they sang sweetly;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae compleat,

That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her weil-far'd face,
 They cast the glamer² o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johnny Faw,
 'O come with me my deary;
 'For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
 'Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

"Here, take frae me this gay mantle³,
 "And bring to me a plaidie⁴;
 "Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 "I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
 "And my good lord beside me;
 "This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 "Whatever shall betide me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
 And speir'd⁵ for his fair lady,
 The tane⁶ she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's awa' wi' the gypsie laddie.

"Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
 "Gae saddle and make him ready,
 "Before I either eat or sleep,
 "I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
 Of courage stout and steady,
 And we were a' put down for ane,
 A fair young wanton lady.

¹ Thomson noted: 'A person of the name of John Faw is said to have been king of the gypsies in the time of James V., who, about the year 1542, issued a curious proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist John Faw, there stiled "Lord and Erle of Litill Egypt," in seizing and securing certain fugitive gypsies, in order that they might be punish'd by John, their lord and master, conform to his laws: for which purpose the magistrates were to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. And the king charges his lieges not to molest the said John Faw, and his company, in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty; and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners were ordered to receive him and his company, upon their expences, for furthering them to parts beyond sea. It is not improbable that this John Faw is the Hero of the above ballad.'
² charm, spell; ³ mantle, cloak; ⁴ piece of twilled woollen cloth, chequered or tartan, used as a cloak; ⁵ asked, enquired; ⁶ the one

18. O bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack
(Hector Macneill)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 282; Hob. XXXIa:89bis
(Neukomm)

'O say, my sweet Nan, can you lie in a hammock,
 'While mountain-seas rage, can you swing in a hammock,
 'As the winds roar aloft, and rude billows dash o'er us,
 'Can my Nancy sleep soundly amid the wild chorus?'
 'O yes! my dear Jack! I can lie in a hammock,
 'While the mountain-seas rage, can sleep sound in a hammock,
 'Rude billows will rock me when love smiles to cheer

me; –
 "If thy slumber's sweet, Jack, no dangers can fear me!"
 'But say! if at night the sad cry comes for wearing,
 'The breakers a-head, and the boatswain loud swearing;
 'While the main-yard dips deep, and white billows break o'er us,
 'Will my Nancy not shrink, then, amid the dread chorus?'
 'O no! my dear lad, when these dangers are near me,
 'My Jack's kindly whispers will soothe me – will cheer me;
 'A kiss snatch'd in secret amid the dread horror,
 "Will hush the rude chorus, and still ev'ry terror!"

To be sung by both at the same time
 'Come! come, then, dear Nan! let us swing in a hammock!
 'While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!
 'With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather!
 'While we live, we shall love! – when we fall! – fall together!'
 'Come! come, then, dear Jack, let us swing in a hammock!
 'While mountain-seas dash round, sleep sound in our hammock!
 'With love such as thine, who would dread war or weather!
 "While we live, we shall love! – when we fall – fall together!"

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

Compact Disc 67

1. Jenny dang the weaver (Alexander Boswell) JHW XXXII/4, No. 272; Hob. XXXIa:240 (Neukomm)

At Willie's wedding o' the green,
The lasses, bonny witches,
Were buskit¹ out in aprons clean,
And snaw-white Sunday's mutches².
Auld Maysie bade the lads tak' tent³,
But Jock wad nae believe her;
And soon the fool his folly kent,
For – Jenny dang⁴ the weaver.
Sing, fa la la, &c.

In ilka⁵ countra-dance and reel,
Wi' her he wad be babbin⁶;
When she sat down, then he sat down,
And till her wad be gabbin⁷:
Whare'er she gaed, or but or ben⁸,
The coof⁹ wad never leave her,
Ay cacklin like a clockin¹⁰ hen;
But – Jenny dang the weaver.
Sing, fa la la, &c.

Quoth he, "My lass, to speak my mind,
"Good haith! I need na swither¹¹,
"You've bonny een, and gif you're kind,
"I needna court anither."
He hum'd and ha'd – the lass cried, Feugh¹²!
And bade the fool no deave¹³ her;
Then snapt her thumb, and lap and leugh¹⁴,
And – dang the silly weaver!
Sing, fa la la, &c.

¹ dressed; ² linen caps; ³ take heed; ⁴ beat, overcame;
⁵ every; ⁶ dancing; ⁷ chatting; ⁸ outside or inside the
house; ⁹ blockhead, ninny; ¹⁰ clucking; ¹¹ hesitate; ¹² Fy!
¹³ deafen; ¹⁴ leapt up and laughed

2. Macgregor of Ruara's lament¹ (translated from the Gaelic by Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/4, No. 284; Hob. XXXIa:81bis (Neukomm)

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning,
When I think of Macgregor, true heir of Glenlyon,
Where still to sad fancy his banners seem flying.
Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resounding,
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a
bounding,
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

¹ Thomson noted: 'It would appear that Macgregor had been banished from his inheritance of Glenlyon; and, while wandering as an out-law through the mountains of Invernessshire, that he, along with several foster-brothers, his guides and protectors, had been surpris'd and kill'd by his enemies. One of the foster-brothers who survived, gives vent to his feelings in the lamentation.

3. Sir Patrick Spence (Hector Macneill) JHW XXXII/4, No. 322; Hob. XXXIa:250

Our good King sits in Windsor tower,
The sun beams glint¹ sae cheerfu',
A birdie sang in yonder bower,
And O! but it sang fearfu'!
Tell me, my bird, my mourning bird,

What is't you sing so dreary?
I sing o' danger, fire and sword,
Fell faes are coming near ye!
The King look'd frae his castle hie²,
His look was blythe and airy,
There's no a foe dares face the sea,
Brave England's tars are there ay;
The birdie sang upon the thorn,
But now its sang grew cheerfu',
Good King we'll laugh your faes to scorn,
There's nought I see to fear now.

The birdie flew on blythesome wing!
And O but it sang rarely!
And ay it sang, God bless our King!
Bauld³ Britons love him dearly.
It flew o'er hill, it flew o'er lea⁴,
It sang o'er moor and heather,
Till it cam to the North Countrie,
Whare a' sang blythe thegither.

They sang o' fame, and martial might,
(The pride o' Scottish story);
They sang o' Edward's wars, and flight,
And Bruce's radiant glory!
They laugh'd at Gallia's threaten'd ills,
Their shield was Patriot-honour!
They rush'd down Freedom's heath-flow'rd hills,
And rattling join'd her banner!

(vv 1, 3, 4 & 5)

¹ pass quickly like a transient gleam; ² high; ³ bold;
⁴ pastureland

4. Savourna deligh (Mr Coleman) JHW XXXII/4, No. 291; Hob. XXXIa:203 (Neukomm)

Oh! the moment was sad, when my Love and I parted,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken-hearted,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
I felt that I never again should behold her,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

Long I fought for my country, far, far, from my true love,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!
Peace was proclaimed – escap'd from the slaughter,
Landed at home, the sweet girl I sought her,
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought her,
Savourna deligh shighan Oh!

(vv 1 & 3)

5. Gala Water (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/4, No. 319; Hob. XXXIa:15ter

Braw¹, braw lads on Yarrow braes²,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws³,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather;
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,
Can match the lads o' Galla water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon⁴ them a' I loo him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Galla water.
 Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, &c.
 It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft⁵ contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!
 Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, &c.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ fine, handsome; ² hillsides; ³ woody groves by a water side; ⁴ above; ⁵ bought

6. The three captains (Alexander Boswell) JHW XXXII/4, No. 325; Hob. XXXIa:264

Let my lass be young, my wine be old,
 My cottage snug, friends never cold,
 My life no tedious tale twice told,
 And happy shall I be.
 Tempt me not with pageant power,
 Nor give to me the Miser's hoard;
 But may Contentment cheer my bower,
 And Plenty deck my board.

The selfish wretch in pride may roll,
 And viands cull from pole to pole;
 My purse shall serve each kindred soul,
 And set the hapless free.
 These, when partial Fate has given,
 These with health to taste the store,
 Earth itself becomes a heaven,
 And nought to wish for more.

7. Johny Faw¹ JHW XXXII/4, No. 340b; Hob. XXXIa:251

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
 And wow but they sang sweetly;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae compleat,
 That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her;
 As soon as they saw her weil-far'd face,
 They cast the glamer² o'er her.

'O come with me,' says Johny Faw,
 'O come with me my deary;
 'For I vow and swear, by the hilt of my sword,
 'Your lord shall nae mair come near ye.'

'Here, take frae me this gay mantle³,
 'And bring to me a plaidie⁴;
 'Tho' kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 'I'll follow the gyspie laddie.

'Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
 'And my good lord beside me;
 'This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 'Whatever shall betide me.'
 And when our lord came hame at e'en,
 And speir'd⁵ for his fair lady,
 The tane⁶ she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
 She's awa' wi' the gyspie laddie.

'Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
 'Gae saddle and make him ready,
 'Before I either eat or sleep,

"I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
 Of courage stout and steady,
 And we were a' put down for ane,
 A fair young wanton lady.

¹ Thomson noted: 'A person of the name of Johnie Faw is said to have been king of the gypsies in the time of James V, who, about the year 1542, issued a curious proclamation, ordaining all sheriffs, &c. to assist Johnie Faw, there stiled "Lord and Erle of Litill Egipt," in seizing and securing certain fugitive gypsies, in order that they might be punish'd by Johnie, their lord and master, conform to his laws: for which purpose the magistrates were to lend him their prisons, stocks, fetters, &c. And the king charges his lieges not to molest the said Johnie Faw, and his company, in their lawful business within the realm, or in passing through, remaining in, or going forth of the same, under penalty; and all skippers, masters of ships, and mariners were ordered to receive him and his company, upon their expences, for furthering them to parts beyond sea. It is not improbable that this Johnie Faw is the Hero of the above ballad.'
² charm, spell; ³ mantle, cloak; ⁴ piece of twilled woollen cloth, chequered or tartan, used as a cloak; ⁵ asked, enquired; ⁶ the one

8. Halloween (George Thomson) JHW XXXII/4, No. 281; Hob. XXXIa:63bis (Neukomm)

Poor flutt'ring heart, ah! wilt thou ne'er
 Thy master's burden learn to bear!
 Ah, cruel Mem'ry, why retrace
 The angel features of that face!

Those eyes that could a wound impart
 More fatal than a foeman's dart,
 Which ends at once the painful strife
 That he who loves endures through life.

My Mary was the sweetest rose,
 That in Love's beauteous garden grows;
 Her form, her mien, her soul so pure
 Enchanted me beyond all cure:
 So graceful, artless, modest, mild,
 She ev'ry eye and heart beguill'd;
 Yet blush'd to meet th' admiring gaze
 Of all who sought to speak her praise.

Through sleepless nights in vain I strove
 To quench the flame of ardent love:
 In vain I tried to shun her sight, –
 To seek my lost repose in flight!
 My falt'ring tongue full soon reveal'd
 The truth my eyes had ill conceal'd;
 And in the bower, at eve's decline,
 I trembling ask'd her to be mine.

(vv 1, 2 & 3)

9. Irish Air. Pat & Kate (Alexander Boswell) JHW XXXII/4, No. 312; Hob. XXXIa:241

A Love-Dialogue

"Och! pretty Kate, my darling Kate,
 "Here, take my hand, and I'm your mate,"
 "I'd rather die," "Fye, Kate, fye, fye!"
 "Did ever fool talk at such a rate?"
 'O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,
 'The basest plague that e'er I had:

'The live long day, you prate away,
'I really believe you'll put me mad.'
'O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,
'The neatest swain that e'er you had:
'I sigh all day, I pine away,
'I really believe you'll put me mad.'

'Ah! little Norah would be mine,
'I know by many a leering sign.'
'Then take your drab, you boasting blab,
'For Katrine never will be thine.'
'O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,
'The basest plague that e'er I had:
'The live long day, you prate away,
'I really believe you'll put me mad.'
'O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,
'The neatest swain that e'er you had:
'I sigh all day, I pine away,
'I really believe you'll put me mad.'

'No, Kate, sweet Kate alone can please,
'She keeps the key of all my ease:
'Then, if you frown, poor Patrick's down,
'You'll kill me, Kate, it's plain as pease.'
'O Patrick, you're a teasing lad,
'The basest plague that e'er I had:
'The live long day, you prate away,
'I really believe you'll put me mad.'
'O Kate, I am a pleasing lad,
'The neatest swain that e'er you had:
'I sigh all day, I pine away,
'I really believe you'll put me mad.'

10. Captain Okain (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 290; Hob. XXXIa:224bis
(Neukomm)

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
A king and a father to place on his throne?
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return!

11. Cro Challin¹ (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 287a; Hob. XXXIa:253A
(Neukomm)

My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear,
Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;
O where are thy flocks, that so swiftly rebound,
And fly o'er the heath without touching the ground?
O were I as fleet as the wings of the wind,
In chace of the roes when springing, Love,
At the sound of your voice I wou'd loiter behind,
So sweet is the charm of your singing, Love.
I heard it, I fear'd it, I knew that soft charm
Wou'd slacken my speed, and enervate my arm;

The deer, drawing near, now no more in alarm,
Through brakes in the woods are springing, Love.

¹ Cattle of Colin

12. My Nanie, O (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 317; Hob. XXXIa:37ter

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang muirs¹ and mosses many, O,
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

Tho' westlin² winds blaw loud and shill,
And its baith mirk³ and rainy, O,
I'll get my plaid⁴, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman⁵ delights to view
His sheep and kye⁶ thrice bonie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh⁷,
And has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weal, come woe, I carena by⁸,
I'll tak' what heav'n will send me, O:
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, and love my Nanie, O!

(vv 1, 2, 7 & 8)

¹ moors; ² western; ³ dark; ⁴ rectangular length of twilled
woollen cloth worn as a mantle or outer garment;
⁵ master of the house; ⁶ cows; ⁷ holds his plough;
⁸ I am indifferent

13. When she came ben she bobbit¹
(William Smyth)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 278; Hob. XXXIa:62bis
(Neukomm)

Oh! was I to blame to love him!
Oh! was I to blame to love him!
So gallant, so kind, –
I could not be blind, –
I was not to blame to love him.

My heart it may break with sorrow,
My heart it may break with sorrow,
'Tis lost for his sake,
No complaint will I make,
My heart it may break with sorrow.

Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
Oh! saw you yon tree's sweet blossom,
Like me to your sight
It fades with the blight,
Yet blame not the love or the blossom.

O pride of my heart! I love thee,
O pride of my heart! I love thee;
The zephyr, – the sky,
May alter – not I, –
I was not to blame to love thee.

¹ When she came into the parlour she curtsied

14. Fair Helen of Kirkconnell¹
JHW XXXII/4, No. 341; Hob. XXXIa:236
(Neukomm?)

I wish I were where Helen lies,

For night and day on me she cries,
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

Oh Helen fair! oh Helen chaste!
Were I with thee, I would be blest,
Where thou liest low, and at thy rest
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

Curst be the heart that hatch'd the thought,
And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
When in my arms dear Helen dropt,
And died to succour me.

O think na ye my heart was sair!
My love dropt down and spake nae mair!
O think na ye my heart was sair
On fair Kirkconnell lea!

(vv 1, 2, 5 & 6)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The story of this ballad is thus given by Mr Penant in his Tour in Scotland: "In the burying-ground of Kirkconnell is the grave of the fair Ellen Irvine, and that of her lover: She was daughter of the house of Kirkconnell, and was beloved by two gentlemen at the same time; the one vowed to sacrifice the successful rival to his resentment, and watch'd an opportunity, while the happy pair were sitting on the banks of the Kirtle, that washes these grounds. Ellen perceived the desperate lover on the opposite side, and fondly thinking to save her favourite, interposed, and receiving the wound intended for her beloved, fell and expired in his arms. He instantly revenged her death, then fled into Spain, and served for some time against the infidels: On his return he visited the grave of his unfortunate

mistress, stretch'd himself on it, and expiring on the spot, was interr'd by her side."

15. The parson boasts of mild ale
(Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 274; Hob. XXXIb:61
(Neukomm)

The parson boasts of mild ale,
The squire of old October,
But little their boasts avail
If guests trudge homewards sober.
To drink's my dear delight,
With boon¹ boys and good liquor;
The squire is a thirsty wight,
But nought can quench the vicar.

CHORUS. – So turn the kilderkin² up,
In winter and in summer,
Go cool thyself with a cup,
Or warm thee with a rummer³.

Och, Tady, would you be told
Where souls may soon be merry,
Then follow your foot, be bold,
The Harp's the house in Derry:
For Pat Macshane's the host,
A right good lad by nature,
And, true as a finger post,
He points still to the crature⁴.

CHORUS. – So mount your Limerick wig,
Be nate my joy, and proper,
And give them a song and jig,
And drink your thirteenth copper.

¹ convivial; ² small cask containing a liquid measure of 18 gallons; ³ large drinking glass; ⁴ whisky

16. The braes of Ballochmyle (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 271; Hob. XXXIa:226
(Neukomm)

The Catrine¹ woods were yellow seen,
The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea²,
Nae lav'rock³ sang on hillock green,
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while,
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,
Fareweel the braes⁴ of Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
But here, alas! for me nae mair
Shall birdie charm, or flowret smile;
Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle.

¹ Thomson noted: 'Catrine, in Ayrshire, the seat of Dugald Stewart, Esq. – BALLOCHMYLE, formerly the seat of Sir John Whiteford, now of Boyd Alexander, Esq.'
² grassy pasture; ³ lark; ⁴ hillsides

17. Tullochgorum¹ (Rev. John Skinner)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 275; Hob. XXXIa:270
(Neukomm)

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,

What nonsense is't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-meg-morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing along wi' me
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise²
Wi' dringing³ dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathpeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They're dowf⁴ and dowie⁵ at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their allegros and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

But for the base unfeeling⁶ fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool⁷ and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

(vv 1, 3 & 6)

¹ Thomson noted: 'This first of songs (said Burns) is the master-piece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Cullen, I think it was, (should have said Ellon,) in a friend's house, whose name was Montgomery. Mrs Montgomery observing, en passant, that the beautiful Reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad.'

² pretending a great deal of kindness; ³ slow, spiritless;

⁴ pithless, wanting force; ⁵ worn with fatigue;

⁶ unemployed; ⁷ grief

18. Johnny Macgill (Hector Macneill)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 276; Hob. XXXIa:238
(Neukomm)

Come under my plaidy¹, the night's ga'en to fa',
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
I'll hap² ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw:
O come under my plaidy, and sit down beside me,
There's room in' t, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald gae 'wa!
I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw:
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy, I'll no sit beside ye:
Ye may be my gutchard³! – auld Donald gae 'wa.
I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny;
He's been at Meg's bridal, sae trig⁴ and sae braw⁵!
O nane dances sae lightly! sae gracefu'! sae tightly!
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa;
Your Jock's but a gowk⁶, and has naithing ava;
The hale o' his pack he has now on his back:
He's thirty, and I am but threescore and twa.
Be frank now and kindly: I'll busk⁷ you ay finely;
To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house⁸ to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father ay tell'd me, my mither and a',
Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me ay braw;
It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
But waes me! ye ken he has naithing ava!
I hae little tocher⁹; you've made a gude offer;
I'm now mair than twenty; my time is but sma'!
Sae gie me your plaidy; I'll e'en sit beside ye,
I thought ye'd been alder than threescore and twa'.

She sat down ayont¹⁰ him, aside the stane wa',
Whar Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a'.
The day was appointed! his proud heart it dunted¹¹,
And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary!
And thowless¹², he tint his gate¹³ deep 'mang the snaw;
The howlet¹⁴ was screamin, while Johnny cried,
'Women
Wou'd marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay bra'!

(vv 1-5)

¹ piece of twilled woollen cloth, chequered or tartan,
used as a cloak; ² wrap, cover; ³ grandfather; ⁴ spruce,
neat; ⁵ handsome; ⁶ fool, idiot; ⁷ dress; ⁸ warm, well
furnished house; ⁹ marriage portion, dowry; ¹⁰ beyond;
¹¹ beat; ¹² spiritless; ¹³ he lost his way; ¹⁴ owl

19. Rise up and bar the door (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 279; Hob. XXXIa:197
(Neukomm)

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons¹ beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon²,
And Criffel³ sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally.

The wretch that wou'd a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true-born brother,
Who'd set the mob above the throne,
May they be damn'd together.
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple,
But while we sing, "God save the King!"
We'll ne'er forget the people.

(vv 1 & 4)

¹ fellows, ragamuffins; ² a high hill at the source of the
river Nith; ³ a mountain at the mouth of the same river,
on the Solway Firth
Burns wrote this poem in 1795, when there was threat
of an invasion by Napoleon. He was working as an
exciseman in Dumfries at the time and was involved
with the formation of the Dumfries Volunteers. The
poem is sometimes known by the title, The Dumfries
Volunteers.

20. Lord Balgonie's favourite
JHW XXXII/4, No. 339; Hob. XXXIa:273
(Neukomm?)

Welsh Songs for George Thomson

Compact Disc 68

1. Hela'r ysgyfarnog. Hunting the hare
(Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 364; Hob. XXXIb:33

Hence! away with idle sorrow!
Bane of life's uncertain hour!
Few the joys from time we borrow,
Hold them, while within your power.
Hunt the hare o'er hills and vallies,
Cheerful wake the rising morn;
When she from her chamber sallies,
Greet her with the early horn!

Health, and peace, and spirits gaily
Temper'd by the buxome air;
While such blessings court you daily,
Why prefer dull pining care?
Hunt the hare o'er hills and vallies,
Cheerful wake the rising morn;
When she from her chamber sallies,
Greet her with the early horn!

Then when fast the sun descending
Seeks his chambers in the west,
Hasten where good cheer attending
Waits to welcome ev'ry guest:
While the goblet gaily quaffing,
Round and round you hunt the hare,

Toasting, singing, jesting, laughing,
Drive away the demon care!

2. Loth to depart [Anhawdd ymadael] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 350; Hob. XXXIb:57
(Neukomm?)

So mild was the ev'ning, so calm was the sky,
So soft was the lustre that beam'd from her eye,
So sweet was her voice, while it spoke to my heart,
That I linger'd and loiter'd, still loth to depart.

She blush'd and look'd down, when she saw my delay,
O could I but hope that she wish'd me to stay!
In vain I endeavour my pain to beguile,
Her voice I still hear, still I see her dear smile!

O Winifred, sweet as yon lonely wild rose,
In the deep shelter'd cleft of the mountain that grows,
While I cherish thy image that lives in my heart,
From solitude's peace I am loth to depart.

O would she but visit my cot in the grove,
Where the ring-doves are cooing, and telling their love,
When softly she hears me my passion impart,
Perhaps she, like them, might be loth to depart.
(vv 1, 2, 4 & 5)

3. Y Cymry dedwydd. The happy Cambrians
(translated by Edward Williams, from the Welsh
of Mr Rice Jones)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 354; Hob. XXXIb:32

*A song usually sung by the Society of Ancient Britons in
London, at the admission of members*

Fam'd for our warmth¹, we now rejoice,
Feel friendship's ardours reign,
And to the harp's harmonious voice,
Attune our choral strain.
Around the bowl, a mirthful throng
Of Britons bold and free,
We swell the trills of native song,
All join'd in jocund glee.

Past is the winter, storms are flown,
Now summer scenes we trace;
A remnant still, in high renown,
Of Britain's ancient race:
Whilst ancient virtue's just controul
Rules each old Briton's breast,
Be now the joys of ev'ry soul
In gleeful songs express!

(vv 1 & 7)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The Ancient Britons were noted for
their warmth of temper; whence the proverbial phrase
of Welsh blood!'

4. Happiness lost (William Smyth)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 362; Hob. XXXIb:42

No, Henry, I must not, I cannot be blinded;
'Tis past, and I bade thee for ever adieu!
In feeling too warm, or in thought too high-minded,
I cannot at pleasure be false and be true.
The Henry I lov'd like a vision departed,
While fix'd were my eyes, and while raptur'd my view!
I saw him how lovely, – I thought him kind-hearted;
Oh, lost! and for ever – for ever adieu!

(vv 1 & 4)

5. Maltraeth (Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 329; Hob. XXXIb:36

I've no sheep on the mountain nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake;
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Rich Owen will tell you with eyes full of scorn,
Thread bare is my coat and my hosen are torn,
Scoff on my rich Owen for faint is thy glee,
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.
The farmer rides proudly to market and fair,
And the clerk at the ale-house still claims the great chair,
But of all our proud fellows the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

(vv 1, 3, & 4)

6. Reged¹ (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 348; Hob. XXXIb:38
(Neukomm?)

On Cambria's green vallies, or oak-cover'd hills,
By clear running fountains or murmuring rills,
That Mab², and her fairies, have found a retreat,
Appears on the grass by the prints of their feet:
When winds to the Echo a roundelay sing,
At eve round the glow-worm they dance in a ring.
One Morgan Ap-Price had the luck to be led
In search of a kid, where their tables were spread;
In malice and sport, they would have him partake
Of their fairy-land wine, and fairy-land cake;
But told him, unless he were loyal and true,

His tasting their drink he'd have reason to rue.
Poor Morgan was modest, nor ventur'd to sip,
Tho' tempting the cup, as it rose to his lip;
For conscience accus'd him of breaking the oath
He swore, when to Winny he plighted his troth!
They laugh'd in his face, and condemn'd him to wear
A thorn in his breast, till his conscience were clear.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ Thomson noted: 'Reged, or Rheget, a part of South
Wales, anciently so called.'

² Thomson noted: 'Queen Mab and her elphin train,
however banished from England, have at all times had
both house and land in Wales. Mr Pratt, in his
"Gleanings", says that there is not a more generally
received opinion among the common people throughout
the Principality, than that of the existence of Fairies.'

7. The Cornish May song (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 326; Hob. XXXIb:21

Ye maids of Helston¹, gather dew,
While yet the morning breezes blow;
The fairy rings are fresh and new,
Then cautious mark them as ye go.

CHORUS.
Arise, arise, awake to joy!
The sky-lark hails the dawn of day,
Care, get thee hence, from Helston fly!
For mirth rules here the morn of May!

Ye youths, who own love's ardent power,
To yonder shelter'd bank repair,
There seek the early op'ning flower,

To deck the bosoms of the fair.
Chorus. – Arise, &c.

Tho' ages close, and manners fade,
And ancient revels pass away;
In Helston, let it not be said,
Forgotten is sweet Flora-day.
Chorus. – Arise, &c.

(vv 1, 2 & 7)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The verses refer to a custom of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Helston in Cornwall, who, on the 8th of May annually, hail the glad appearance of Summer, and devote the day, from dawn till midnight, to mirth and dancing, during which this traditional May Tune is frequently played.'

8. New Year's gift [Calenig] (Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 358; Hob. XXXIb:60

All white hang the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream,
And pale from its banks the long icicles gleam;
The first peep of morning just peers thro' the sky,
And here at thy door, gentle Mary, am I.

With the dawn of the year, and the dawn of the light,
The one that best loves thee stands first in thy sight,
Then welcom'd, dear maid, with my gift let me be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee!

Last year, of earth's treasures I gave thee my part,
The new-year before it I gave thee my heart;
And now, gentle Mary, I greet thee again,
When only this band and a blessing remain!

Tho' time should run on with his sack full of care,
And wrinkle thy cheek, maid, and whiten thy hair,
Yet still on this morn shall my offering be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee!

9. Pant corlant yr wyn – neu, Dafydd or Garreg-las.
The lambs' fold vale – or, David of the blue stone
(Mr Toms)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 357; Hob. XXXIb:22

A pastoral romance

The busy hours of day are o'er,
And ruddy labour toils no more,
The lambs are folded in the vale,
And cheerful murmurs swell the gale:
The harper sounds a merry strain,
And calls the jocund village train,
To dance, or song, or laugh, or jest,
'Till moonbeams speak the hour of rest.

See smiling Age, and frolic Youth,
And wedded Love, and plighted Truth;
And calm Content, and Temp'rance meek,
And vig'rous Health with glowing cheek:
Go search for bliss in pomp or shew,
But never, never shalt thou know
So blythe a heart, so free from pain,
As glads the simple village swain.

10. Digan y pibydd coch. The red piper's melody
(Amelia Opie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 303b; Hob. XXXIb:43

Where is my Owen, where is my true Love,
O saw ye the shepherd that's dearest to me?

Where art thou wand'ring, come haste to my view,
Love,
O art thou not eager thy Mary to see?
Long, long does he tarry, ah, surely some new Love
Detains o'er the mountains my Owen from me;
But swains do not grieve me, still kindly deceive me,
And answer: Thy Owen is constant to thee.

Heav'n's, who comes yonder? Ah 'tis my Owen,
And smiling he hastens his Mary to greet!
His tender impatience each eager step shewing,
To which my fond heart gives an answering beat,
Now foolish tears wherefore, why thus are ye flowing,
My Owen will fancy I grieve when we meet –
No, he'll never leave me, nor ever deceive me
O! heaven, those kind glances! my joy is compleat.

(vv 1 & 3)

11. Wyres Ned Puw. Ned Pugh's grand daughter
(translated from the Welsh original by the Rev Mr
Williams)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 351; Hob. XXXIb:19
(Neukomm?)

While sad I strike the plaintive string,
Deign, cruel maid, to hear me sing;
And let my song thy pride controul,
Divine enchantress! of my soul!
Must thy desponding lover die,
Slain by the glances of thine eye?
O fairer thou, and colder too,
Than new-fall'n snow on Aren's brow?²
While life remains I still will sing
Thy praise, and make the mountains ring;
Nor even to die shall I repine,

So Howel's name may live with thine.

(vv 1, 2 & 10)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The Ruins of Castle Dinas Bran, one of the primitive Welsh Castles, stand on the summit of a vast hill which overlooks the vale of Llangollen. In 1390 this Castle was inhabited by MYFANWY VECHAN, a celebrated Beauty, descended from the house of Tudor Trevor. The Bard Howel Ap Einion Lygliw having fallen violently in love with the lady, addressed an Ode to her.'
² Thomson noted: 'Two lofty mountains in Merionethshire'

12. Y gadly's. The camp-palace – or, Leader's
tent oftener called, Of a noble race was Shenkin
(Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 307; Hob. XXXIb:24

She. 'Aye sure thou art dear Taffy Morgan,'
He. 'And thou art my sweet Nell Gwynn;'
She. 'Since both are agreed, it's a bargain,'
He. 'And they, Nell, may laugh that win.'
She. 'Then send for Harper Jenkin,'
He. 'Each string shall ring some note we love,'
She. 'The Rising Sun, or the Oaken Grove,'
He. 'Or the Noble Race of Shenkin.'
Both. 'The Rising Sun, or the Oaken Grove,
Or the Noble Race of Shenkin.'
She. 'Our days shall be all a bright summer,'
He. 'When summer days come about;'
She. 'With ale I'll fill you a rummer¹,'
He. 'And I, Nell, will drink it out.'
She. 'You think I'm idly boasting,'
He. 'Mayhap these summer days may tire,'
She. 'Then blithe we'll sit by the winter fire,'

*He. 'And sing while our cheese is toasting.'
Both. Then blithe we'll sit by the winter fire,
And sing while our cheese is toasting.*

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ large drinking glass

**13. The flower of North Wales [Blodeu Cwynedd]
(Thomas Campbell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 356; Hob. XXXIb:58**

O Cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign,
I'd part with ambition, thy vot'ry to be,
And breathe not a sigh but to friendship and thee.

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-colour'd cloud on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favour to me.

O Cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh, but to friendship and thee.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

**14. Yr hen erddigan. The ancient harmony
(Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 314; Hob. XXXIb:37**

Time speeds on his journey, alas! ne'er returning,
He leads to decay whether gaily or mourning.
Then let us be wise and in crossing life's ocean,

Still learn to despise honours, wealth or promotion:
Ambition and care bring sorrow and ruin;
Content is alone the good worth pursuing.

Far distant from pomp be my humble dwelling,
May friendship and love, all vain grandeur excelling,
Still bless the retreat where'er Fate has decreed it,
With something to spare for those who may need it;
Ambition and care bring sorrow and ruin;
Content is alone the good worth pursuing.

**15. Ton y ceiling du. The note of the black cock
(Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 338; Hob. XXXIb:18**

Good morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,
Thy crimson moon, and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee, slyly cowering, through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like casement of my Lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shews, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair, and morning smile.
The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still:
The rarest things to light of day,
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

(vv 1 & 2)

**16. The Britons [Y Brython] (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 336; Hob. XXXIb:51**

When on the mountain's lofty brow
Above the clouds in air I tread,
Or hear the torrent rush be-low,
Within the forest shade:
Thoughts of the past, and forms sublime,
Glide through the waste on viewless wings;
I hear a Bard of ancient time,
Sweep o'er his silver strings.

Soft flows his melancholy strain,
He sings of heroes, long since gone,
Who fell on the embattled plain;
With time their fame is flown.
But dear to Britons be the ground,
Where valour fought for glory's meed;
And sweet the plaintive notes shall sound
That mourn the mighty dead.

**17. War song of the men of Glamorgan
[Triban gwyr Morgannwg] (Walter Scott)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 346; Hob. XXXIb:55
(Neukomm?)**

Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds¹,
And hammers' din, and anvil sounds,
And armourers, with iron toil,
Barb many a steed for battle's broil.
Foul fall the hand which bends the steel
Around the courser's thund'ring heel,
That e'er shall dint a sable wound
On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

Old Chepstow's brides may curse the toil

That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war horse forg'd the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the fairies' emerald ring.

(vv 1 & 4)

¹ Thomson noted: 'The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only an inferior breed of horses, were generally unable to encounter the shock of the Anglo-Norman Cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invaders; and the following Verses celebrate a supposed defeat of Clare, Earl of Striguil and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords Marchers of Monmouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the Counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon its banks, dignified by the ruins of a very ancient Castle.'

**18. Erddigan Caer y Waun. The minstrelsy of Chirk Castle¹
(Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 306; Hob. XXXIb:27**

In days of ancient story,
When minstrels sung before you,
The strains of love and glory
In Chirk-castle hall.
With glowing ardour telling,
In numbers bold and strong,
The deeds of brave Llewellyn,
In heroic song.

Or when the sprightly measure
 Reviv'd departed pleasure,
 And fancy from her measure
 Did faded joys recall;
 Your vaulted roofs resounding,
 The youthful train advance,
 Each heart with transport bounding
 In the mazy dance!

Still may heroic story,
 By minstrels sung before you,
 Breathe mirth, and joy, and glory
 In Chirk-castle hall.
 Your wand'ring bards inviting
 The social board to grace,
 Sweet harmony uniting
 Cambria's tuneful race.

¹ Thomson noted: 'Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, the splendid seat of the Middleton Family, is said to have been in ancient times the Favourite Resort of Bards.'

19. Rhyfelgyrch Cadpen Morgan. Captain Morgan's March ('Monk' Lewis)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 305; Hob. XXXIb:8

Dost not hear the martial hum?
 Dost not hear the distant drum?
 Yes, they come! our warriors come,
 Glorifying in their victory!
 Honour'd be the soldier's grave!
 Glory to the fallen brave!
 Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

Soon must many a bosom swell,
 High with grief, while hearing tell
 How a sire or husband fell,
 On the field of victory.
 Honour'd be, &c.
 England's pleasure, England's pride,
 Is through life to aid and guide
 Those who lov'd the men who died
 Glorifying in her victory.
 Honour'd be the soldier's grave!
 Glory to the fallen brave!
 Wave, triumphant banners, wave!
 England has the victory!

(vv 1, 3 & 6)

20. Llwyn onn. The ash grove (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 298; Hob. XXXIb:7

Sir Watkyn intending,
 The morning befriending,
 Through woodlands descending,
 To hunt the wild deer;
 Now slumb'ring, of course, Sir,
 Dreams of his bay horse, Sir,
 And proud of his force, Sir,
 Begins his career.
 And forth as he sallies,
 Up hills, and down vallies,
 Around him he rallies
 A train like a peer.

Deep woods lay before them,
 Now soon closing o'er them,
 The knight to explore them,
 Dismounting moves on:

There found the doe lying,
 Bemoaning and crying,
 As if she were dying,
 Behind a grey stone.
 When stooping to raise her,
 Before the dogs seize her,
 As brisk as a bee, Sir,
 Away she was gone!

With whoop and with hollo,
 His merry men follow,
 She skims like a swallow,
 And flies like the wind.
 Sir Watkyn, however,
 Who quits the chace never,
 Swam over a river,
 And left them behind.
 The day was fast closing,
 His way he was losing,
 The road was so posing,
 No path could he find.

A castle high frowning,
 The lofty rock crowning,
 Dim twilight embrowning,
 Hung over his head.
 And thitherward bending,
 With steps slow ascending,
 The courser attending,
 He cautiously led.
 Now dark'ness o'ertaking,
 And craggs the way breaking,
 He fell, – and avaking,
 The vision was fled!

(vv 1, 3, 4 & 5)

21. The lamentation of Britain [Cwynvan Brydain]
JHW XXXII/4, No. 295a; Hob. XXXIb:43a

Compact Disc 69

1. Twll yn ei boch. The dimpled cheek
(Dr John Wolcot)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 308; Hob. XXXIb:10

What have I done that my Mary should fly me,
 What is my guilt that with scorn she should eye me?
 Tell me, ah! tell the fond swain who implores thee,
 And banish the sorrow of him who adores thee.

Is it a fault for thy beauty to languish?
 To sigh and to look on a rival with anguish?
 Is it a crime at thy presence to tremble?
 Think, think, of thy charms, then how hard to dissemble.
 Thine are the lillies, and thine are the roses,
 Which Flora, when dress'd, in full beauty discloses;
 Sweet is the smile on thy dimpled cheek glowing;
 Bright are the locks o'er thy fair forehead flowing.

Yet if a crime for thy hand to be sighing;
 Yet if a crime for thy smile to be dying, –
 Great is my guilt, – not a mortal will doubt it,
 Yet let me plead that no swain is without it.

2. Hob y deri danno. Away to the oaken grove
(Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 352; Hob. XXXIb:16

Sweet, how sweet, the hawthorn blooming, Fal la, &c
 Round the balmy air perfuming,
 Lovely May, these are thy treasures,

In thy train attend the pleasures, –
These thy treasures, lovely May.

On thy green lap flowrets springing,
Hark the merry birds are singing;
While the maidens featly dancing,
Hail thy footsteps slow advancing, –
These thy pleasures, lovely May.

Vi'lets with the primrose twining,
Dipp'd in dew, their hues combining,
Form the wreath thy brows adorning,
Fair and fresh, as early morning, –
These thy treasures, lovely May.

Come, sweet May, come softly smiling,
No chill blasts our hopes beguiling;
Guard the summer's blossom'd treasures,
In thy train attend the pleasures, –
These thy pleasures, lovely May.

**3. Ar hyd y nos. The live long night ('Monk' Lewis)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 294; Hob. XXXIb:9**

What avails thy plaintive crying,
Hush, baby, hush!
Though a corse thy father's lying,
Hush, baby, hush!
Tears and sobs in vain endeavour
Back to call the mourn'd for ever!
Never wilt thou see him, never!
Hush, baby, hush!

See! my grief no tears are telling:
Hush, baby, hush!
Hark! my breast no sighs are swelling;

Hush, baby, hush!
No complaint or murmur making;
Nought betrays my heart is aching;
Yet it's breaking, sweet one, breaking.
Hush, baby, hush!

(vv 1 & 2)

**4. Mantell Siani. Jenny's mantle (Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4 No. 299; Hob. XXXIb:5**

O welcome bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging low your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by.
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland Love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair;
Her breath is in the dewy air;
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound,
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day in rosy bower,
What art thou to this witching hour!
O noon of day in sun-shine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night!

**5. The willow hymn [Yr helyg gân] (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 318; Hob. XXXIb:47**

As I slept on the bank of a murmuring stream,
The moss-cover'd turf for my pillow,
A soft soothing melody rose in my dream,
And chaunted the praise of the willow.

"Oh willow! sweet willow! so lovely and green,
Let all sing the praise of the willow!"
I woke, but no mortal was nigh to be seen,
That chaunted the praise of the willow.

The nymph of the fountain, as gliding along
She led her smooth stream to the billow,
Or zephyr perhaps the wild branches among,
Might murmur the praise of the willow.
"Oh willow! sweet willow! so lovely and green,
"Let all sing the praise of the willow!"
And echo might join where she slumbers unseen
On banks that are border'd with willow!

**6. Codiad yr haul. The rising sun¹ (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 323; Hob. XXXIb:12**

Softly, softly sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
Let us skim the meadows fair,
Now on waving pinions rise;
Lightly beat the wanton air,
And breathing sweets ascend the skies.

Softly, softly sing;
Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound:
On the breast of yonder rose,
Let us rest our wearied wings;
Not a flower in spring that blows,
Around so mild an odour flings.

Softly, softly sing;

Hand in hand glide swiftly round;
Gaily, gaily, gaily,
Mark the measur'd sound.
Blooming rose, thy beauty's pride,
Fades before the noontide hour:
Zephyrs rise on ev'ry side,
And fan your lovely drooping flower.

¹ Thomson noted: 'We find the opening part of this Air introduced by Handel in the Duet of "Happy we," in *Acis & Galatea*.'

**7. Nos Galan. New Year's night (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 304; Hob. XXXIb:29**

Loud, how loud the north wind blowing, Fal la, &c.
Thick, how thick the dark clouds snowing, Fal la, &c.
Stars all hid in sable cov'ring, Fal la, &c.
Ghosts amid the darkness hov'ring
Keep our trembling hearts in awe.

Hope exulting, bounty cheering, Fal la, &c.
Hail the infant year appearing, Fal la, &c.
While the plenteous horn is flowing, Fal la, &c.
See how ev'ry cheek is glowing.
Fal la la la la la.

Music's notes now sweetly swelling, Fal la, &c.
Tales of love are softly telling, Fal la, &c.
Drowning sorrow, blinding reason, Fal la, &c.
Welcome in the new-born season.
Fal la la la la la.

(vv 1, 5 & 6)

8. The sweet melody of North Wales
[Mwynen Gwynedd] (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 315; Hob. XXXIb:44

Hark! on the gale sounds sweetly flowing
 From the list'ning ear retiring,
 On sullen storms a charm bestowing,
 Pleasing, tender, thoughts inspiring.
 Sweet, sweet melody, with zephyr fondly playing,
 Come with us thy pleasure taking:
 Far from thy native mountains straying,
 Our echoes with thy magic waking.

The harp shall join in tuneful measure,
 With thy dulcet strain combining;
 And harmony's exhaustless treasure
 Round thy simple beauties twining.
 Sweet melody, with zephyr fondly playing,
 Come with us thy pleasure taking:
 Far from thy native mountains straying,
 Our echoes with thy magic waking.

9. Dowch i'r frwydr. Come to battle (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 310; Hob. XXXIb:14

Hark, the martial trumpet sounding!
 See the glorious front of war!
 Every generous heart exulting,
 Views the dazz'ling line afar!
 'Tis not hope of spoil or conquest
 Prompts us to the noble strife;
 While we guard the shrine of freedom,
 Freedom, dearer far than life!

(vv 1 & 4)

10. Y bardd yn ei awen. The inspired bard
(Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 342; Hob. XXXIb:25
(Neukomm?)

Now bar the door, shut out the gale
 And fill the horn with foaming ale,
 A cheerful cup, and rousing fire,
 And thrilling harp, my soul inspire!

Dark rusted arms of ancient proof,
 Hang clanging from the breezy roof,
 And tell of many a Welchman bold,
 And long remember'd deeds of old.

Come, mountain-maid, in Sunday gown,
 With healthy cheek of rosy brown,
 Here sit thou gaily by the while,
 And nod thy head, and sweetly smile.

Draw closer, friends, the table round,
 And cheerly greet the rising sound,
 Love, arms, and ale, and rousing fire,
 And thrilling harp my soul inspire!

11. The allurement of love [Serch hudol]
(Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 334; Hob. XXXIb:48

To thee, lov'd Dee, thy glad-some vales
 Where late with care-less steps I rang'd,
 Tho' prest with care, and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.
 I love thee, Dee, thy banks and glades,
 Tho' mem'ry there my bosom tear,
 For there he rov'd that broke my heart,

Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear.

Ye shades that echo'd to his vows,
 And saw me once supremely blest;
 Oh yield me now a peaceful grave,
 And give a love-lorn maiden rest.
 And should the false-one hither stray,
 No vengeful Spirit bid him fear;
 But tell him, tho' he broke my heart,
 Yet to that heart he still was dear!

12. Blodau Llundain. The flowers of London
(Mr T. Toms)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 332; Hob. XXXIb:23

Let not Glory's trumpet sounding¹
 Lure thee hence to rude alarms;
 Ev'ry pleasure here abounding,
 Rest in nature's tranquil arms.
 Care or sorrow ne'er shall grieve thee,
 Ev'ry joy you here may prove,
 Laurel'd honour will deceive thee,
 Wear the flow'ry bands of love.
 See where every choicest treasure
 Laughing Nature flings around;
 Rosy morn shall wake to pleasure,
 Dewy eve with bliss be crown'd.
 Care or sorrow ne'er shall grieve thee,
 Ev'ry joy you here may prove,
 Laurel'd honour will deceive thee,
 Wear the flow'ry bands of love.

¹ Thomson noted: 'It appears from Shakespeare's Henry IV. part 1st, (however historians may differ on the subject,) that Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, was taken prisoner by Owen Glendower, whose daughter he

married, and that he joined Glendower and Hotspur in the conspiracy against Henry. Lady Mortimer is introduced singing a Welsh song to her husband; and, as the warriors were at that time preparing to set out on their hazardous enterprize, we may be allowed to suppose that she sang as follows:'

13. Blodau'r drain. The blossom of the thorn
(Amelia Opie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 297; Hob. XXXIb:35

How fondly I gaze on the fast falling leaves,
 That mark as I wander the summer's decline;
 And thus I exclaim while my conscious heart heaves,
 Thus early to droop and to perish be mine.

Fair Spring, now no longer these grief-faded eyes,
 Thy rich glowing beauties with pleasure can see;
 Thy pale sickly hues, chilly Autumn I prize,
 Thy suit blighted hopes, and are emblems of me.

(vv 1 & 3)

14. Blodau'r grug. The flowers of the heath
(Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 309; Hob. XXXIb:30

The jocund days, the playful days,
 The happy days of youth,
 When fictions please with so much ease,
 More welcome far than truth.
 Two village-maids in yonder grove,
 To pass the noon-day hour,
 Told wondrous tales of wondrous love,
 And Love's unbounded power.

A gipsy sibyl pass'd that way,
And saw the nymphs reclin'd,
Her face was tann'd like sunburnt hay,
Her baby hung behind.
"Why lie you here, my pretty maids,
"In rustic plain attire,
"Or hide, amidst these lonely shades,
"The charms that all admire?"

Then Lucy lifts her hazel eyes,
And waves her ringlets brown;
'Is this the fortune-teller wise
'Who lately came to town?'
Cries Dolly, while her bright blue eyes
With smiles grew brighter still,
'I'll shew my hand, if you advise
'To try her conj'ring skill.'

"What lucky lines traverse this palm!"
The gipsy sibyl said,
"The wind is still, the sea is calm,
"The ship at anchor laid:
"The jolly tar aboard that ship
"A captain yet shall prove!
"And court you, ere he makes a trip,
"To be his wedded love."

'How well the gipsy knows my fate,
'The lot the powers decree,
'No landman e'er can be my mate,
'While William sails the sea.
'Be sure a captain would be fine,
'But while my sailor's true,
'He's still more dear, and still more mine,
'In comely jacket blue.'

Says Lucy, 'give me love and gold
'No jackets blue for me;
'Come, sun-burnt sage, my fate unfold,
'What lucky stars foresee.
'Oh happy stars, and happy hour,
'For hear the rattling drum!
'And see, all dress'd and powder'd o'er,
'The gallant Major come!"

'A Major, O! how I should shine,
'Were I his lady gay,
'Could I get back this heart of mine,
'To Harry given away.
'But if poor Harry dies of grief,
'I may repent too late; –
'Yet how can Lucy give relief,
'There's no resisting fate.'

Now from a shelt'ring oak behind,
With sly, complacent smile,
Young William heard them tell their mind,
Himself unseen the while.
On Doll he cast a tender look,
Then softly stealing down,
He met the sibyl in a nook,
And paid the promis'd crown.

15. Troiad y droell.
The whirling of the spinning wheel
(William Smith)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 333; Hob. XXXIb:41

Sir Watkyn's lov'd Minstrel, now sunk in decay,
First taught me to please these gay throngs at
Wynnstay;
Fair Lady! he cried, to old Owen draw near,

I'll shew thee the art to thy fancy so dear.

They crowd round my lyre, 'mid the drawing room's
blaze,
But oh! how indifferent to me is their praise!
For there is one only I wish to be near;
One only whose praise would be sweet to mine ear.

And did he not praise me, and came he not nigh!
And did I not hear him unconsciously sigh!
Receive me ye groves! and adieu to my lay,
For I am too happy for music to-day.

16. Höffedd Hywel ab Owen Gwynedd.
The delight of Prince Hoel, son of Owen
Gwyned' (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 360; Hob. XXXIb:28

The convent's loud matins came full on the gale,
When close by the altar, dejected and pale,
Sad Ellen stood weeping, in silent despair,
All faded the beauty that once bloom'd so fair!
The heart that affection and sorrow engross,
Now sighing, seeks peace at the foot of the cross.

Now rushing, all breathless, Prince Hoel appeared,
And thus, the fair mourner he tenderly cheer'd:
'O fairest and dearest, thou charm of my life,
'Thro' tumults, thro' tempests, thro' danger, and strife,
'Or on ocean's rude billows when destined to roll,
'Thy image was with me, and gladden'd my soul.

'Then leave these dark cloisters to penance and night,
'Come forth like a vision of joy on my sight;
'If to far distant lands I have carried my arms,
'Twas in hopes by my prowess to merit thy charms,

'That world which thou would'st have forsaken for me,
'How gladly, my love, will I share it with thee.

(vv 1, 6 & 7)

¹ Thomson noted: 'Hoel was one of the eighteen Sons of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, and Contemporary with Henry the Second, King of England: he was a Poet as well as a Warrior. After the death of his father, he fell, fighting for dominion, with his brother David, in Anglesey, in 1169.'

17. The bend of the horse shoe
[Plygiad y bedol](Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 349; Hob. XXXIb:56
(Neukomm?)

How gloomy the face of all nature appears,
Yon soft show'ry cloud seems dissolving in tears!
I labour indignant to smother my sighs,
Yet spite of my reason and pride they still rise.

While Ellen was lovely, and faithful, and kind,
Nor wealth nor ambition found place in my mind;
But now with what anguish the riches I see
That stole the false heart of my Ellen from me.

The image of honour and kindness and truth,
Thus broken and sullied, has wither'd my youth,
The pleasing delusion forever is fled,
And life is grown tasteless, since passion is dead.

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

18. Winifreda (said to be a translation from the Welsh by Gilbert Cooper)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 320; Hob. XXXIb:46

Away, let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda move your fear;
Let nought delay the heav'nly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.
What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.
Through youth, and age, in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mother's features;
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue.
And when with envy, time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

19. Mwynyn Cynwyd. The melody of Cynwyd (Anne Hunter)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 347; Hob. XXXIb:31 (Neukomm?)

'What! weeping, Winifred! – for shame!
'The village youth your folly blame:
'Take up your rake, and haste away
'To yonder field of new-mown hay,
'There turn the grass and toss it o'er,
'As merrily you did before
'Young Morgan left our mountain side,
'And took the drummer for his guide.'

'Good dame, I cannot work to-day,
'And have no heart for making hay;
'I feel quite sad, and out of sorts,
'And neither fit for toil, nor sports:
'The hardest task you've set me yet
'Is love, and Morgan, to forget!
'And yet I try, and try, and still
'I think of him, against my will!"

20. The pursuit of Love [Dilyn serch] (Joanna Baillie)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 343; Hob. XXXIb:42 (Neukomm?)

Tho' richer swains thy love pursue,
In Sunday gear and bonnets new;
And ev'ry fair before thee lay
Their silken gifts with colours gay;
They love thee not, alas! so well
As one who sighs and dares not tell;
Who haunts thy dwelling night and noon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

I grieve not for my wayward lot,
My empty folds, my roofless cot;
Nor hateful pity, proudly shown,
Nor alter'd looks, nor friendship flown;
Nor yet my dog with lanken sides,
Who by his master still abides;
But how will Nan prefer my boon,
In tatter'd hose and clouted shoon.

21. The departure of the king [Ymdawiad y brenhin]
JHW XXXII/4, No. 361; Hob. XXXIb:59

Compact Disc 70

1. Dafydd y Garreg-wen¹. David of the White Rock (Rev. George Warrington)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 330; Hob. XXXIb:4

The dying Bard to his Harp
Come, sweetest composer of grief and of pain,
Thy master implores one mellifluous strain;
Depress'd with old age, and by sickness worn low,
O sooth his dull ear with the soft notes of woe!

Now time has bereft me of each comely grace,
Has brought the hoar head, and the deep furrow'd face,
Has stolen every blessing that nature e'er gave,
Save one comfort only, the choice of my grave!

Like the swan of the lake expiring I sing;
O weave me a plume from her shadowy wing!
Yes, fame shall be just, and a trophy shall give,
And the Bard of the White Rock to latest times live!

(vv 1, 5 & 8)

¹ Thomson noted: 'There is a Tradition, that Dafydd y Garreg Wen, a famous Welsh Bard, being on his death-bed, called for his Harp, and composed the sweet and melancholy Air to which these Verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his Funeral.'

2. Lady Owen's favourite [Maldod arglwyddes Owen](Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 324; Hob. XXXIb:45

O white foaming Rhaidir, by thy roaring fall,
How oft the last words of my love I recall,
When the fresh blowing blossom he pluck'd from yon tree,
And gave it all blushing and fragrant to me.
'Accept it my Lucy, and long may it prove
'A pleasing memorial of innocent love."

Then why should my youth feel the blight of despair,
Sweet visions of fancy may lighten my care!
Rise, pleasing remembrance, and banish my fears,
That hope may spring up in the dew of those tears,
For smiling propitious, kind heaven may once more
My peace and my pleasure, with Owen restore.

Then Rhaidir, hoarse-dashing, with clamorous joy,
Shall witness the truth that no time can destroy,
To welcome my love to his dear native isle,
Then gay in new beauty the valley shall smile:
And wreaths of fresh flowrets shall deck out the tree
That so often has shelter'd my Owen and me.

(vv 1, 4 & 5)

3. Ffarwel Ffrances. Farewell, Frances (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 328; Hob. XXXIb:13

O farewell, my Frances, sweet Frances, adieu!
My heart's dearest hopes are all cent'red in you;
On Penmaen's proud cliff will you watch for the gales
That speed from the shores of high Arvon our sails?

On our dear native land when I breathe my last sighs,
Once more to that cliff I will lift my sad eyes;
And though my fond sorrows are lost in the air,
I'll teach my sick fancy to meet with thee there!

When tost on the ocean's rude billows I mourn,
How often my heart to that glen will return,
Where Frances, in beauty and innocence drest,
First wak'd the soft anguish that swells in my breast.

For thee shall my orisons rise in the dawn,
On the clouds of the twilight thy form shall be drawn;
And when the last sun-beam is quench'd in the sea,
Still fancy shall dwell on an image of thee.

(vv 1, 2, 3 & 8)

4. The door clapper [Y stwffwl] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 335; Hob. XXXIb:50

O say not that Arthur will see me no more,
His kindness I merit, his anger deplore;
Tho' doubt made me silent, yet why should he fly,
Since the dawn of affection is timid and shy?
O will he return, his lov'd haunts to retrace?
Will no rash resentment appear in his face?
No more like a blast will he rush thro' the door,
And wring my sad heart with reproaches no more!

(vv 1 & 5)

5. The poor pedlar [Y maelerwr]
(Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4 No. 344; Hob. XXXIb:53
(Neukomm?)

Come ye nice maidens, come hither to hur,
Buy if it please ye some laces and rippens;
If to your back you your palate prefer,
Here's leeks bred in Wales, now, and Hereford pippins.
Ne'er sold I better in all my porn days;
Handsomeness young men, and beautiful misses;
Buy, then, some garters, or laces for stays,
Buy them for two-pence, and sell them for kisses.

What, nopoty puy, now! O splutter and nails,
The ugly curs'd crew would let Watkyn be starving!
And is it for this that hur pin'd up her tails,
And trudg'd from Dolgelly, and round by Caernarvon?
Watkyn ap Williams, it makes thy blood boil,
Hur blood, the pure blood, too, of noble Llewellyn!
Here has hur travell'd, with trouble and toil,
To a fair, pless her poty! where nothing is selling.

6. Cerdd yr hen-wr or coed. The song of the old man of the wood (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 359; Hob. XXXIb:39

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring:
"Farewell hours that late did measure
"Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;

"Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
"Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
"On the hopeless future pondering,
"Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
"Fell despair my fancy seizes.
"Life! thou soul of every blessing,
"Load to misery most distressing,
"O how gladly I'd resign thee,
"And to dark oblivion join thee!"

7. Ffarwel jeuengetid. Adieu to my juvenile days
(William Smyth)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 353; Hob. XXXIb:40

Sweet land of the mountain, the valley, the wood,
Of chiefs that for ages in honour have stood!
Renown'd, too, for all thy dear minstrels so long,
O Cambria! forget not the bard and his song.

Still live in thy children the virtues of old,
But think of the tale in thy history told;
The tyrant, who meant thee in chains to expire,
First slaughter'd thy minstrels, and silenc'd the lyre!

8. Tros y garreg. Over the stone (Samuel Rogers)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 355; Hob. XXXIb:17

Sleep on, and dream of heaven a while,
Though shut so close thy laughing eyes;
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,
And move and breathe delicious sighs.
Ah! now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,
And mantle to her neck of snow!
Ah! now she murmurs, now she speaks,

What most I wish, yet fear to know.

She starts! she trembles! and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast, –
And now, how like a saint she sleeps,
A seraph in the realms of rest!
Sleep on secure, above controul,
Thy thoughts belong to heav'n and thee;
And may the secrets of thy soul
Be held in reverence by me.

9. Grisiel ground. Crystal ground (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 316; Hob. XXXIb:15

In the vale of Llangollen a cottage is seen,
Well shelter'd from tempests by shades ever green;
There the daisy first opens its eye to the day,
And the hawthorn first blooms on the bosom of May.
There the daisy, &c.

There, far from the haunts of ambition and pride,
Contentment, and virtue, and friendship, abide;
And Nature, complacent, smiles sweet on the pair,
Who have splendour forsaken to worship her there.
And Nature, &c.

While ambition exults in her storm-beaten dome,
Like the tower on yon mountain that frowns o'er your home,
With tranquil seclusion, and friendship your lot,
How blest, how secure, and how envied your cot!
With tranquil, &c.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

**10. Venture Gwen [Mentra Gwen]
JHW XXXII/4, No. 302; Hob. XXXIb:6**

**11. Torriad y dydd. The dawn of day (William Smyth)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 313; Hob. XXXIb:3**

I gaze upon yon mountains that mingle with the sky,
And if my wishes were but wings beyond them I would fly;
For far beyond the mountains that look so distant here,
To fight his country's battles last May-day went my dear.
Ah! well do I remember with bitter sighs the day;
Why Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay!

I count the passing moments the weary live-long day,
For every day's a week long since Owen went away.
Ah! cruel was my father, who did my flight restrain,
And I was cruel-hearted that did at home remain:
With thee, my love, contented, I'd journey far away;
Why Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay!

And oft in waking visions I see some danger near,
To fright my troubled fancy, that hovers round my dear!
O! may it please kind heaven to shield my love from harm;
To clasp him to my bosom would ev'ry care disarm:
But, ah! I fear it's distant far that happy, happy, day;
Why Owen didst thou leave me, at home why did I stay!

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

**12. Gorhoffedd gwyr Harlech. The march of the men
of Harlech (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 296; Hob. XXXIb:2**

Dauntless sons of Celtic sires,
Whose souls the love of freedom fires;
Hark, ev'ry harp to war inspires
On Cader Idris side.
See the brave advancing,
See the brave advancing!
Each well-tryed spear, which Saxons fear,
In warlike splendour glancing!
Proud Harlech¹ from her frowning towers
Pours forth her never failing powers:
Rouse, heroes, glory shall be ours;
March on, your country's pride!

Shall heart-rending sounds of woe
Be heard where Conway's waters flow?
Or shall a rude and ruthless foe
Find here one willing slave?
From mountain and from valley,
From mountain and from valley;
From Snowdon, from Plinlimmon's brow,
Around your Prince ye rally.
Let cowards kiss th' oppressor's scourge,
Home to his heart your weapons urge,
Or overwhelm him in th' avenging surge;
To victory, ye brave!

¹ Thomson noted: 'Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock, upon the sea-shore of Merionethshire: the original tower, called Twr Bronwen, is said to have been built in the Sixth Century; it afterwards received the name of Caer Colwyn, and eventually its more descriptive name, Harlech, or Ardd Iech, the high cliff. The present castle,

still nearly entire, was the work of Edward I. and a place of great strength. In 1468, being possessed by Dafydd, Ap Jevan, Ap Einion, a steady friend of the House of Lancaster, it was invested by William Earl of Pembroke, after a most difficult march through the heart of the Welsh Alps; and surrendered on honourable terms to his gallant brother, Sir Richard Herbert, who engaged to save the life of the brave Welsh commander, by interceding with his cruel master Edward IV.' (cited from Thomas Pennant's A tour in Wales, Vol 2, London 1778-81)

**13. Hob y deri dando. Away, my herd, under the reen
oak (Alexander Boswell)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 301; Hob. XXXIb:11**

Come every shepherd with his love,
And court the western gale;
Come let us seek the oaken grove
In sweet Llangollen vale.
There with a sigh the ardent youth
May urge his tender tale,
The evening hours in joy beguile,
And happy he,
Beneath the tree,
Whose fair rewards him with a smile.
The pipe shall cheer with merry strain,
The harp in concert sound,
And lightly ev'ry maid and swain,
Trip on the grassy ground:

Or, seated in a ring, we'll pass
The cheerful song around.
Come, let us court the western gale,
And joyful haste,
Awhile to taste,

The sweets of lov'd Llangollen vale.

**14. Codiad yr hedydd. The rising of the lark
(Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 300; Hob. XXXIb:1**

See, O see, the breaking day;
How the dew-drops deck the thorn!
Hov'ring low, the sky-lark's lay
Long preluding meets the morn.
Hark! the liquid notes awake anew,
Rising sweeter with the rising dew.
Rising with the rising dew.

See the blazing gates unfold!
See his radiant head appear!
Through yon op'ning clouds of gold
Still the less'ning note we hear.
Sinking softly with the sinking strain,
See her seek her lowly nest again.
See her seek her nest again.

(vv 1 & 4)

**15. The blossom of the honey suckle[Blodeu'r
gwynwydd] (Anne Grant)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 345; Hob. XXXIb:54
(Neukomm?)**

How closely the woodbine has twined round my bow'r!
How sweet its perfume, and how lovely its flower;
The beauty and fragrance thus wasted on air,
Might mingle their sweets with the charms of my fair:
The blossoms expand in the beam of her eye,
Then sink on her bosom, enraptur'd, and die.

How often I think when entwining its boughs,
Would my soul's darling idol here witness my vows;
Not the pilgrims that visit St Wenefrede's shrine,
Could shew a devotion so ardent as mine;
To their virgin saint while they offer a part,
My all I'd resign to the queen of my heart.

To the banks of the Wye would she wander to view
My woodbine, when weeping with evening's soft dew;
It's balm-breathing beauties so fresh would appear,
My arbour so gay, and my fountain so clear:
That Lucy herself with a smile might approve
The work of wild fancy thus guided by love.

**16. Eryri wen. The white mountains – or, Hoar cliffs
of Snowdon (Hon. W.R. Spencer)
JHW XXXII/4, No. 331; Hob. XXXIb:20**

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And beagle slow, and fleetest hound,
Obey'd Llewellyn's horn.¹

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;
Come, Gêlert, come; wer't never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear.

Oh! where does faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave, – a lamb at home,
A lion in the chace!

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,

And sentinell'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chace rode on.

And now as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise;
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries!

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chace of hart or hare;
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gaz'd with fierce surprise,
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His fav'rite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd, and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
With blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child; – no voice replied;
He search'd with terror wild:
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But no where found his child!

Hell-hound! my child by thee's devour'd!
The frantic father cried:
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gêlert's side!

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumb'rer waken'd nigh: –
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt Wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear, –
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe; –
Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue!

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass!
Or forester, unmov'd;
There oft the tear besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gêlert's grave.

¹ Thomson noted: 'At the time when Wolves were formidable by their numbers in Wales, Prince Llewellyn the Great came with his family to reside during the hunting season at Beddgelert, a village completely embosomed in the mountains of Caernarvonshire. Among his hounds, there was one, a present from King

John, his father-in-law, so noted for excellence in hunting, that his fame is recorded in a Welsh Epitaph, which has been thus translated:

"The remains of famed Gêlert, so faithful and good,

"The bounds of the cantred conceal;

"Whenever the doe or the stag he pursued,

"His master was sure of a meal."

The fame of Gelert, however, does not rest on his swiftness, – but on the event related in the following beautiful Ballad.¹

17. The lamentation of Cambria (Anne Grant) JHW XXXII/4 No. 295b; Hob. XXXIb:43b

*On the Welsh Bards being put to Death by order of
Edward the First, when he conquered the Country*

Ye banks of dark Conway, deserted and drear,
From your hollow caverns what sighs do I hear!
The spirit of Cadwall laments from the shore,
Whose hoarse-sounding waters are tinctur'd with gore.

Remorse and despair still add weight to our chain;
Even sweet-smiling Hope the stern victor has slain.
Our glories he tarnish'd, our records he tore,
And freedom and Cambria, alas! are no more!

(vv 1 & 6)

18. The red piper's melody [Digan y pibydd coch] (Amelia Opie) JHW XXXII/4, No. 303a; Hob. XXXIb:34

Where is my Owen, where is my true Love,
O saw ye the shepherd that's dearest to me?
Where art thou wand'ring, come haste to my view,

Love,
O art thou not eager thy Mary to see?
Long, long does he tarry, ah, surely some new Love
Detains o'er the mountains my Owen from me;
But swains do not grieve me, still kindly deceive me,
And answer: Thy Owen is constant to thee.

19. Castell Towyn. Towyn Castle¹ (Amelia Opie) JHW XXXII/4, No. 311; Hob. XXXIb:26

Sweet Mary, where now on this turf we recline,
A proud lofty castle once frown'd o'er the plain,
Here Barons and Knights quaff'd their bowls of rich wine,
And throng'd to fair Towyn's wide spreading plain.

But now it is vanish'd, by time swept away,
Nor is there a trace of the once stately dome:
Forgot e'en their names, who, in splendid array,
With hearts full of pride, call'd the mansion their home.

Yet never, I trust, did the castle resound
With accents of pride or delight such as mine,
When late as we rov'd o'er this now desert ground,
My Mary with blushes, said, "Cadwal, I'm thine!"

¹Thomson noted: 'A Fortress anciently in the district of Towyn, on the sea-shore of the County of Merioneth, but of which there are now no remains.'

20. The Marsh of Rhuddlan [Morva Rhydlan] JHW XXXII/4 No. 337; Hob. XXXIb:49

Scottish Songs for William Whyte

Compact Disc 71

1. Auld lang syne (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/5, No. 388; Hob. XXXIa:218

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne!¹
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e run about the braes²,
And pue'd the gowans³ fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e paidl'd i' the burn,
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire⁴,
And gi'es a hand o' thine;

And we'll take a right gude willie-waught⁵
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup⁶,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

¹ days of long ago; ² hillsides;
³ flowers of the daisy, dandelion or hawkweed;
⁴ brother, friend; ⁵ hearty swig of ale;
⁶ vessel for measuring or holding liquor

2. The waefu' heart JHW XXXII/5, No. 374; Hob. XXXIa:9bis

Gin¹ living worth could win my heart,
You wou'd na speak in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Ne'er, ne'er to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his,
Whose heart was only mine;
And oh! what a heart was that to lose!
But I maun no repine².

Yet oh! gin heav'n, in mercy, soon
Would grant the boon³ I crave,
And take this life, now naething worth,

Sin Jamie's in his grave.
And see, his gentle spirit comes
To shew me on my way,
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wond'ring at my stay.

I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
And oh! wi' what gude will!
I follow wheresoe'er you lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said, and soon a deadlie pale
Her faded cheek possest;
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest!

¹ if; ² must not complain; ³ favour

3. The last time I came o'er the muir (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 389; Hob. XXXIa:199^{bis}

The last time I came o'er the muir!
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers, what pain do I endure
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
The beaming day ensuing,
I met, betimes, my lovely maid
In fit retreats for wooing.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,

In prospect of such blisses.

The next time I gang o'er the muir
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me.
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being doth remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

¹ moor

4. Tak' your auld cloak about ye
JHW XXXII/5, No. 421; Hob. XXXIa:180^{bis}

In winter, when the rain rain'd could,
And frost and snaw on ilka¹ hill,
And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bauld,
Was threatening a' our ky² to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily, –
"Get up, goodman³, save Cromie's life,
"And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

"My Cromie is an useful cow,
"And she is come of a good kyne⁴;
"Aft has she wet the bairns⁵ mou⁶,
"And I am laith that she should tyne⁷:
"Get up, goodman, it is fu' time,
"The sun shines in the lift⁸ sae hie;
"Sloth never made a gracious end, –
"Gae, tak' your auld cloak about ye."

"My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
"When it was fitting for my wear;
"But now its scanty worth a groat,
"For I have worn't this thirty year:
"Let's spend the gear⁹ that we have won,
"We little ken the day we'll die;
"Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn –
"To ha'e a new cloak about me."

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife,
But she wad guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun¹⁰ yield, tho' I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

(vv 1, 2, 3 & 7)

¹ every; ² cows; ³ husband, master of the house;
⁴ cattle stock; ⁵ childrens'; ⁶ mouth;
⁷ be lost; ⁸ sky; ⁹ riches, goods of any kind; ¹⁰ must

5. The collier's bonny lassie
JHW XXXII/5, No. 378; Hob. XXXIa:213

The collier¹ has a daughter,
And O she's wonderous bonny!
A laird he was that sought her,
Rich baith in lands and money:
The tutors watched the motion
Of this young honest lover;
But love is like the ocean:
Wha can its depths discover!

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new blown lily,
Aye sweet, and never saucy,
Secured the heart of Willy.

He loved beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
His life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her;
In safest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her:

"My bonny collier's daughter,
"Let naething discompose ye,
""Tis nae your scanty tocher²
"Shall ever gar³ me lose ye;
"For I have gear⁴ in plenty,
"And love says 'tis my duty,
"To ware⁵ what heaven has lent me
"Upon your wit and beauty."

¹ charcoal-burner, coal-miner; ² marriage-portion, dowry;
³ make; ⁴ riches, goods of any kind; ⁵ make use of

6. Waly waly
JHW XXXII/5, No. 382; Hob. XXXIa:214

O waly, waly¹, up the bank,
And waly, waly, down the brae²,
And waly, waly, yon burn side,

Where I and my love wont to gae.
I leaned my back unto an aik³,
I thought it was a trusty tree,
But first it bowed, and syne⁴ it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly⁵ me.

O waly, waly, love is bonny,
A little time, when it is new;
But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like the morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk⁶ my head?
O wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

But had I wist⁷ before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had locked my heart in a case of gowd⁸,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane!
For a maid again I'll never be.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ an interjection of distress; ² hillside; ³ oak tree;
⁴ then; ⁵ scorn; ⁶ dress, attire one's self;
⁷ known; ⁸ gold

7. The exile of Erin. Erin-gobragh (Mr. Campbell)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 380; Hob. XXXIa:203^{bis}

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger,
"The wild deer and wolf to a cover can flee;
"But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
"A home and a country remain not to me.
"Never again in the green sunny bowers,
"Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
hours;
"Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
"And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

(vv 1 & 2)

8. Lewie Gordon
JHW XXXII/5, No. 383; Hob. XXXIa:215

O send Lewie Gordon¹ hame,
And the lad I winna name!²
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel would I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews³,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd⁴ shoes,
Philabeg⁵ aboon⁶ his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!

Weel would I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel would I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ Lord Lewis Gordon fought with the Jacobites at Culloden. He evaded capture and eventually escaped to France.

² a coded reference to Bonny Prince Charlie;

³ Highland pantaloons; ⁴ low-heeled;

⁵ a very short petty coat worn by Highlanders instead of breeches; ⁶ above

9. Thou art gane awa'
JHW XXXII/5, No. 400; Hob. XXXIa:12^{bis}

Thou'rt gane awa', thou'rt gane awa',
Thou'rt gane awa' frae me, Mary;
Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
Thou'rt cheated them and me, Mary.
Until this hour I never thought
That aught could alter thee, Mary;
Thou'rt still the mistress of my heart,
Think what you will of me, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet, while I live,
I'll loe nae maid but thee, Mary;

Let friends forget, as I forgive,
Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
So then, farewell! of this be sure,
Since you've been false to me, Mary;
For all the world I'd not endure
Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

(vv 1 & 3)

10. The braes of Ballenden (Dr. Blacklock)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 391; Hob. XXXIa:200^{bis}

Beneath a green shade, a lovely young swain
One evening reclined, to discover his pain.
So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,
The winds ceased to breathe, and the fountains to flow;
Rude winds with compassion could hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

"How happy," he cried, "my moments once flew,
"Ere Chloe's bright charms first flashed in my view!
"These eyes then with pleasure the dawn could survey,
"Nor smiled the fair morning more cheerful than they;
"Now scenes of distress please only my sight –
"I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

"But see, the pale moon all clouded retires;
"The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires;
"I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
"Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind:
"Ah wretch! how can life thus merit thy care!
"Since lengthening its moments but lengthens despair!"

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

11. The soldier's return (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 406; Hob. XXXIa:92^{bis}

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe, fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning:
I left the lines and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

At length I reached the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
"Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
"O! happy, happy may he be,
"That's dearest to thy bosom!
"My purse is light, I've far to gang,
"And fain wad be thy lodger;
"I've serv'd my king and country lang,
"Take pity on a sodger."

She gaz'd – she reddend'd like a rose –
Syne¹ pale like ony lily;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
"Art thou my ain dear Willie?"
"By him who made yon sun and sky,
"By whom true love's regulated,

"I am the man, and thus may still
"True lovers be rewarded.
"The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
"And find thee still true-hearted;
"Tho' poor in gear², we're rich in love,
"And mair we'se ne'er be parted."
Quo' she, "My grandsire left me gowd³,
"A mailin⁴ plenish'd fairly;
"And come, my faithful sodger lad,
"Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!"

(vv 1, 3, 4, 6 & 7)

¹ then; ² riches, goods of any kind; ³ gold; ⁴ farm

12. Merry may the maid be
JHW XXXII/5, No. 420; Hob. XXXIa:50^{bis}

O merry may the maid be
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day
He's ay bringing till' her;
He's ay a penny in his purse
For dinner and for supper;
And, gin² she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps o' yellow butter.
When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd³ what was his calling?
"Fair maid," says he, "O come and see,
"Ye're welcome to my dwelling."
Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth⁴,
And room in it to hold me.

In winter, when the wind and rain,

Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth-stane,
Before a rousing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows him o'er fu' happy,
Who'd be a king, – a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy!

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ to; ² if; ³ enquired; ⁴ snug, comfortable

13. Wandering Willie (Walter Scott)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 409; Hob. XXXIa:257

Joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
Climbing the vessel to sail yon wide sea;
Weary betide it! I wandered beside it,
Banned it for parting my Willie and me.
Far o'er the wave hast thou followed thy fortune;
Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain;
Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting,
Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel,
Hardships and danger despising for fame,
Furnishing story for glory's bright annal,
Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame.

(vv 1, 2 & 9)

14. Farewell, thou fair day. My lodging is on the cold ground (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 427; Hob. XXXIa:262

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,

Now gay with the broad setting sun!
Farewell! love and friendship, ye dear tender ties!
Our race of existence is run.

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the coward and slave;
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant, but know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the poor peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero – a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
Our king and our country to save,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
O, who would not die with the brave!

15. My jo Janet
JHW XXXII/5, No. 410; Hob. XXXIa:258

"Sweet Sir, for your courtesie,
"When ye come by the Bass, then,
"For the love ye bear to me,
"Buy me a keeking¹ glass, then."
"Keek into the draw-well,
"Janet, Janet;
"And there ye'll see your bonny sel',
"My jo², Janet."

"Keeking in the draw-well clear,
"What if I should fa' in, Sir?
"Syne³ a' my kin will say an' swear,
"I drowned mysel' for sin, Sir!"
"Haud the better be the brae,

"Janet, Janet;
"Haud the better be the brae,
"My jo, Janet."

"Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
"When ye gae to the cross, then,
"For the love ye bear to me,
"Buy me a pacing-horse, then."
"Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
"Janet, Janet;
"Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
"My jo, Janet."

"My spinning wheel is auld and stiff,
"The rock o't winna stand, Sir;
"To keep the temper-pin⁴ in tiff,
"Employs aft my hand, Sir."
"Mak' the best o't that ye can,
"Janet, Janet;
"But like it never wale⁵ a man,
"My jo, Janet."

(vv 1, 2, 5 & 6)

¹ looking; ² sweetheart; ³ then; ⁴ wooden screw used to control tension on a spinning wheel;
⁵ choose

16. The Palmer. O open the door (Walter Scott)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 405; Hob. XXXIa:255

"O open the door, some pity to shew,
"Keen blows the northern wind;
"The glen is white with the drifted snow,
"And the path is hard to find.

"A weary Palmer, worn and weak,
"I wander for my sin;
"O open for our lady's sake,
"A pilgrim's blessing win!

"Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant,
"When old and frail you be,
"You never may the shelter want,
"That's now denied to me."

For lo, when through the vapours dank,
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd¹ there.

(vv 1, 3, 8 & 10)

¹ lay soaked in blood

17. I'll never leave thee (Mr. Crawford)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 367; Hob. XXXIa:205

One day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee!
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me?
Alas! my fond heart will break,
If thou should'st leave me;
I'll live and die for thy sake,
Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
Has Mary deceived thee?
Did e'er her young heart betray
New love that's grieved thee?
My constant mind ne'er shall stray,

Thou may'st believe me;
I'll love thee, lad, night and day,
And never leave thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad,
How shall I leave thee?
Oh! that thought makes me sad!
I'll never leave thee.
Where could my Adonis fly?
Why does he grieve me?
Alas! my poor heart will die,
If he should leave me!

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

18. The lass of Patie's mill (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 407; Hob. XXXIa:160^{bis}

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blythe, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away,
When tedding¹ of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wantoned in her een.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smiled.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguiled;
I wished her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
Insured long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fulfill,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill,
Should share the same wi' me.

¹ spreading

19. Roslin Castle (Richard Hewitt)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 373; Hob. XXXIa:191^{bis}

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay:
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty, blooming like the spring;
Those graces, that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished heart of mine.

(vv 1 & 4)

20. Low down in the broom
JHW XXXII/5, No. 375; Hob. XXXIa:210

My daddie is a cankered carle¹,
He'll nae twine² wi' his gear³;
My minny⁴ she's a scolding wife,
Hauds a' the house asteer⁵:
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
And sair she lightlies⁶ me,
But weel ken I its a' envy,
For ne'er a jo⁷ has she:
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

My cousin Kate was sair beguiled
Wi' Johnny i' the glen,
And ay sinsyne⁸ she cries, beware
Of false deluding men:
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a' ane to me,
For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

Glee'd⁹ Sandy he came west ae night,
And spier'd¹⁰ when I saw Pate,
And ay sinsyne the neighbours round,
They jeer me ear¹¹ and late:
But let them say, or let them do,
Its a' ane to me,

For he's low down, he's in the broom,
That's waiting on me.

¹ angry old man; ² part with; ³ riches, goods of any kind;
⁴ mother; ⁵ keeps all the house busy; ⁶ sneers at;
⁷ sweetheart; ⁸ since that time; ⁹ squint-eyed;
¹⁰ enquired; ¹¹ early in the morning

21. The birks of Invermay (David Mallet)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 365; Hob. XXXIa:187^{bis}

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day,
Among the birks¹ of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade:
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feathered songsters please no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu, the birks of Invermay!

¹ birch-woods

22. Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
(Robert Burns v.1 only)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 429; Hob. XXXIa:230^{bis}

Of a' the airts¹ the wind can blaw I dearly like the west,

For there the bonnie lassie lives, the lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow and rivers row and mony a hill
between,
But day and night my fancy's flight is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flow'rs, I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds, I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonnie flow'r that springs,
by fountain, shaw² or green:
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
but minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin' win's blaw saft, among the leavy
trees,
Wi' gentle breath frae muir an' dale, bring hame the
ladin' bees³,
An' bring the lassie back to me, that's ay so neat an'
clean,
Ae blink o' her wad banish care, sae charming is my
Jean:
What sighs an' vows among the know's⁴,
hae past atween us twa,
How fain to meet; how wae to part, that day she gade
awa,
The pow'rs aboon⁵ can only ken, to whom the heart is
seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me, as my sweet lovely
Jean.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ points of the compass; ² woody grove by a water side;
³ bees laden with pollen; ⁴ small round hillocks; ⁵ above

Compact Disc 72

1. Anna
JHW XXXII/5, No. 418; Hob. XXXIa:93^{bis}

Shepherds, I have lost my love;
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna!
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood, shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning:
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah, woe for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever!

2. Nancy's to the greenwood gane
JHW XXXII/5, No. 419; Hob. XXXIa:185^{bis}

Nancy's to the greenwood gane,
To hear the gowdspinks¹ chattering,
And Willy he has followed her,
To gain her love by flattering:
But a' that he could say or do,
She gecked² and scorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bad him mind wha gat³ him.

"What ails you at my dad?" quoth he,

"My minny⁴, or my aunty?
 "With croudy-moudy⁵ they fed me,
 "Lang-kail⁶ and ranty-tanty⁷;
 "With bannocks⁸ of good barley-meal,
 "Of thae there was right plenty,
 "With chapped stocks⁹ buttered fou' weel,
 "And was not that right dainty?"

"Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 "Wad ye ha'e bonny Nancy?
 "Wad ye compare yoursel' to me? –
 "A docken¹⁰ till a tansy¹¹?
 "I hae a wooer of my ain,
 "They ca' him Souple Sandy,
 "And weel I wat¹² his bonny mow¹³
 "Is sweet like sugar-candy."

"Wow, Nancy, what needs a' this din?
 "Do I not ken this Sandy?
 "I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 "Was Rab the beggar randy¹⁴;
 "His minny Meg, upon her back,
 "Bare baith him and his billy¹⁵:
 "Will ye compare a nasty pack
 "To me, your winsome Willy?"

Then Nancy turned her round about,
 And said, "Did Sandy hear ye,
 "Ye wadna miss to get a clout¹⁶,
 "I ken he disna fear ye:
 "Sae had¹⁷ your tongue, and say nae mair,
 "Set somewhere else your fancy;
 "For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 "Ye never shall get Nancy."

(vv 1, 2, 4, 5 & 7)

¹ goldfinches; ² mocked; ³ begot; ⁴ mother;
⁵ porridge; ⁶ cabbage; ⁷ a plant with reddish leaves that
 was normally boiled as greens; ⁸ flat cakes toasted on a
 girdle;
⁹ mashed cabbage; ¹⁰ common dock leaf;
¹¹ flower of the yellow ragwort; ¹² know; ¹³ mouth;
¹⁴ gipsy vagrant; ¹⁵ brother; ¹⁶ blow or slap of the hand;
¹⁷ hold

3. The maid in Bedlam

JHW XXXII/5, No. 386; Hob. XXXIa:13^{ter}

One morning very early, one morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled in her hand,
 while sweetly thus sung she, –
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel, cruel was the ship, that bore my love from
 me;
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his,
 although they've ruined me;
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wond'rous fine;
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea;
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky!
 I'd gaze around, with piercing eyes,
 where I my love might spy;
 But ah, unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see!
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

(vv 1, 2, 4 & 6)

4. Maggie Lawder

JHW XXXII/5, No. 428; Hob. XXXIa:35^{ter}

Wha wadna be in love
 Wi' bonie Maggie Lawder?
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,
 And speer'd¹ what was't they ca'd her?
 Right scornfully she answer'd him,
 'Begone, ye hallanshaker²,
 Jogg on your gate³, you bladderskate⁴,
 My name is Maggie Lawder.'

"Maggie." quo' he, "now by my bags,
 I'm fidging⁵ fain to see thee!
 Sit down by me, my bonie bird,
 In troth I winna steer⁶ thee;
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter,
 The lasses loup⁷ as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter."

'Piper', quo' Meg, 'ha'e ye your bags,
 'Or is your drone in order?
 'If you be Rob, I've heard of you, –
 'Live you upon the border?
 'The Lasses a', baith far and near
 'Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
 'I'll shake my foot wi' right good will
 'Gif you'll blaw up your Chanter.'

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 About the drone he twisted;
 Meg up, and wallop'd oer the green,

For brawly⁸ could she frisk it,
 "Weel done," quo' he – 'Play up,' quo' she,
 "Weel bobb'd" quo' Rob the Ranter:
 "Its worth my while to play indeed
 "When I ha'e sic a dancer."

'Weel ha'e you play'd your part,' quo' Meg,
 'Your cheeks are like the crimson;
 'There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel
 'Since we lost HARRY SIMSON.
 'I've liv'd in Five baith maid and wife
 'These ten years and a quarter;
 'Gin you should come to Anster⁹ fair,
 'Spier ye for MAGGIE LAWDER.'

¹ asked, enquired; ² ragamuffin; ³ get on your way;
⁴ foolish babbling fellow; ⁵ fidgeting; ⁶ molest; ⁷ leap,
 jump; ⁸ very well; ⁹ Anstruther, a fishing village in Fife

5. The bush aboon Traquair (Mr. Crawford)

JHW XXXII/5, No. 366; Hob. XXXIa:204

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded, never move her;
 At the bonny bush aboon! Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,

My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

(vv 1 & 4)

¹ above

6. The flowers of the forest
JHW XXXII/5, No. 377; Hob. XXXIa:212

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
But soon it is fled, it is fled far awae.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay:
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air
perfuming,
But now they are wither'd, and a' wede¹ awae.

Part II (By Mrs. Cockburn)

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny
beams,
Turn drumly² and dark, as they rolled on their way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.

(vv 1, 2, 11 & 12)

¹ rooted out; ² muddy

7. My Nannie O (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, 381; Hob. XXXIa:37^{bis}

Behind yon hills where Lugar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses mony, O;
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa to Nannie, O.

The westlin¹ wind blows loud and shill,
The night's baith mirk² and rainy, O;
I'll get my plaid³, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
That wad beguile my Nannie, O!

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O;
The opening gowan⁴, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman⁵ delights to view
His sheep and kye⁶ thrive bonny, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh⁷,
An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come weel; come woe, I carena by⁸,
I'll tak what heaven will sen me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live an' love my Nannie, O.

(vv 1-4, 7 & 8)

¹ western; ² dark; ³ rectangular length of twilled woollen
cloth worn as a mantle or outer garment; ⁴ flower of the
daisy, dandelion or hawkweed; ⁵ master of the house;
⁶ cows; ⁷ holds his plough; ⁸ I am indifferent

8. Corn riggs (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 384; Hob. XXXIa:216

My Patie is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size,
He's stately in his walking;
The shining of his een surprise,
'Tis heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bawk¹,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a glowing.

He kissed and vowed he wad be mine,
And lood me best of ony;
That gars² me like to sing sinsyne³,
"O corn riggs are bonny."

¹ a grassy spot or stripe in a corn field; ² makes; ³ since
that time

9. My apron, dearie (Sir Gilbert Elliot)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 387; Hob. XXXIa:189^{bis}

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Aminta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta? why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine:
Poor shepherd! Aminta no more can be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again!
O! what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Aminta? why broke I my vow?
O! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander from love and Aminta no more.

(vv 1 & 3)

10. The siller crown
JHW XXXII/5, No. 417; Hob. XXXIa:260

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
"And siller¹ hae to spare,
"Gin² ye'll consent to be his bride,
"Nor think o' Donald mair."
"Oh! wha wad buy a silken gown,
"Wi' a poor broken heart?
"Or what's to me a siller crown,
"Gin frae my love I part."

His gentle manners won my heart,

"He, gratefu', took the gift;
 "Could I but think to seek it back,
 "It would be war³ than theft.
 "For longest life can ne'er repay
 "The love he bears to me;
 "And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
 "I'll lay me down and die."

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ silver; ² if; ³ worse

11. The shepherd's son
JHW XXXII/5, No. 404; Hob. XXXIa:106^{bis}

There was a shepherd's son
 Kept sheep upon a hill;
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,
 And there he slept his fill.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
 Then gave an under look,
 And there he spied a lady fair
 Swimming in a brook.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

He raised his head frae his green bed,
 And then approached the maid:
 "Put on your claes, my dear," he says,
 "And be ye not afraid.
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

"'Tis fitter for a lady fair
 "To sew a silken seam,
 "Than get up in a May morning

"And strive against the stream."
 Sing fal de ral, &c.

12. Sae merry as we ha'e been
JHW XXXII/5, No. 399; Hob. XXXIa:223

A lass that was laden with care,
 Sat heavily under yon thorn;
 I listened a while for to hear,
 When thus she began for to mourn:
 "Whene'er my dear shepherd was here,
 "The birds did melodiously sing;
 "And cold nipping winter did wear
 "A face that resembled the spring.
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "My heart it is like for to break,
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen.

"But now he is far from my sight,
 "Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
 "Which makes me lament day and night
 "That ever I granted my love.
 "At eve, when the rest of the folk
 "Are merrily seated to spin,
 "I set myself under an oak,
 "And heavily sigh for him.
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "Sae merry as we twa ha'e been;
 "My heart it is like for to break,
 "When I think on the days we ha'e seen."

(vv 1 & 3)

13. The rose and loot me in
JHW XXXII/5, No. 393; Hob. XXXIa:219

The night her silent sable wore,
 And gloomy were the skies,
 Of glittering stars appeared no more
 Than those in Nelly's eyes.
 When to her father's door I came,
 Where I had often been,
 I begged my fair, my lovely dame,
 To rise and let me in.

But she, with accents all divine,
 Did my fond suit reprove;
 And, while she chid my rash design,
 She but inflamed my love.
 Her beauty oft had pleased before,
 While her bright eyes did roll;
 But virtue only had the power
 To charm my very soul.

Now happy in my Nelly's love,
 Transporting is my joy;
 No greater blessing can I prove,
 So blest a man am I.
 For beauty may a while retain
 The conquered fluttering heart;
 But virtue only is the chain,
 Holds never to depart.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

14. The braes of Yarrow (Mr. Hamilton)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 369; Hob. XXXIa:207

Busk¹ ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,

Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow²,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes³ of Yarrow.

Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
 I gat her where I dare nae well be seen,
 Puing⁴ the birks⁵ on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair well be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang maun⁶ she weep, lang maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule⁷ and sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae mair well be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint⁸ her luvver dear,
 Her luvver dear, the cause of sorrow!
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

(vv 1-6)

¹ get ready, dress oneself; ² mate, married partner;
³ hillsides; ⁴ pulling;
⁵ birch trees; ⁶ must; ⁷ grief; ⁸ lost

15. The silken snood
JHW XXXII/5, No. 370; Hob. XXXIa:208

Oh! I hae lost my silken snood¹,
 That tied my hair sae yellow;
 I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd,
 He was a gallant fellow.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow²,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden³,
 The lassie lost her silken snood
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars⁴ me sair⁵ to greet⁶ the snood
 I lost amang the bracken.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel, the plaiden,
 The lassie lost her silken snood
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ ribbon; ² dove; ³ coarse woollen cloth; ⁴ makes;
⁵ distressed; ⁶ lament, cry for

16. From thee, Eliza, I must go. Donald
(Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, 385; Hob. XXXIa:217

From thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar:
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,

They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear!
 The maid that I adore!
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more!
 But the last throb that heaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

17. Gilderoy
JHW XXXII/5, No. 403; Hob. XXXIa:225

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
 As unconcerned, as when
 Your infant beauty could beget
 No happiness nor pain.
 When I this dawning did admire,
 And praised the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid, at my heart,
 Still as his mother favoured you,
 Threw a new flaming dart.
 Each gloried in their wanton part;
 To make a beauty, she
 Employed the utmost of her art;
 To make a lover, he.

(vv 1 & 3)

18. Saw ye my father
JHW XXXII/5, No. 415; Hob. XXXIa:5^{ter}

"O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
 "Or saw ye my true love John?"
 "I saw nae your father, I saw nae your mither,
 "But I saw your true love John."

"It's now ten at night, and the stars gie nae light,
 "And the bells they ring ding dang;
 "He's met wi' some delay, that causes him to stay,
 "But he will be here ere lang."

"Flee up, flee up, my bonny gray cock,
 "And craw when it is day;
 "And your neck shall be like the bonny-beaten gold,
 "And your wings of the silver grey!"

The cock proved false, and untrue he was,
 For he crew an hour o'er soon;
 The lassie thought it day, when she sent her love away,
 And it was but a blink o' the moon.

(vv 1, 2, 6 & 7)

19. Katharine Ogie
JHW XXXII/5, No. 395; Hob. XXXIa:220

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely;
 I chanced to meet a pretty maid,
 She shined, though it was fogie;
 I asked her name: Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country maid so neatly.
 Such natural sweetness she displayed,
 Like a lillie in a bogie¹,
 Diana's self was ne'er arrayed
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature;
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie;
 Pity my case, ye powers above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie!

(vv 1, 2 & 6)

¹ bog, marsh

20. Donald and Flora (Hector Macneill)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 379; Hob. XXXIa:139^{bis}

When merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of aught but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away
 Sad'ning to Mora.
 Loose flowed her yellow hair,
 Quick heaved her bosom bare,
 As thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

"Loud howls the stormy west,

"Cold, cold is winter's blast: –
 "Haste then, O Donald, haste!
 "Haste to thy Flora!
 "Twice twelve long months are o'er
 "Since on a foreign shore
 "You promised to fight no more,
 "But meet me in Mora.

"Never, O wretched fair!"
 Sighed the sad messenger,
 "Never shall Donald fair
 "Meet his loved Flora!
 "Cold as yon mountain snow,
 "Donald, thy love, lies low!
 "He sent me to soothe thy woe,
 "Weeping in Mora.

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair,
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sighed out, "Poor Flora!
 "Ah Donald! – ah, well a day!"
 Was all the fond heart could say;
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.

(vv 1, 2, 5 & 8)

21. My ain kind deary, O!
JHW XXXII/5, No. 372; Hob. XXXIa:31^{ter}

Will ye gang o'er the lee rigg¹,
 My ain kind deary, O!
 And cuddle there sae kindly
 Wi' me, my kind deary, O!

At thornie dyke² and birken tree,
 We'll daff³, and ne'er be weary, O!
 They'll scug⁴ ill een⁵ frae you and me,
 My ain kind deary, O!
 Nae herds, wi' kent⁶ or colly⁷ there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O!
 But lav'rocks⁸, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear⁹, my jo¹⁰,
 Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
 Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

¹ grassy ridge; ² dry-stone wall; ³ romp, frolic;
⁴ conceal, hide;
⁵ evil eyes; ⁶ shepherd's crook; ⁷ Scottish sheep-dog; ⁸
 larks;
⁹ riches, goods of any kind; ¹⁰ sweetheart

22. O poortith cauld. I had a horse (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 414; Hob. XXXIa:17^{bis}

O poortith¹ cauld, and restless love,
 Ye wreck my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na' for my Jeanie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
 Depend on Fortune's shining?
 This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride, and a' the lave² o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't!
 O why, &c.

Her een, sae bonny blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword ay,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's³ fate,
 He woo's his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles⁴ wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why, &c.

¹ poverty; ² rest; ³ farm tenant who occupies a cottage;
⁴ hobgoblins

Compact Disc 73

1. John Anderson, my jo (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 390; Hob. XXXIa:2^{bis}

John Anderson, my jo¹, John, when we were first
 acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was
 brent²;
 But now your brow is beld³, John, your locks are like the
 snow,
 But blessings on your frosty pow⁴, John Anderson, my
 jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,

And mony a canty⁵ day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
 Now we maun⁶ totter down, John, but hand in hand
 we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my jo.

¹ sweetheart; ² smooth, unwrinkled; ³ bald; ⁴ head;
⁵ cheerful, merry; ⁶ must

2. Their groves o' sweet myrtle. The humours of Glen (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 408; Hob. XXXIa:256

Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt the
 perfume,
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom;
 Far dearer to me yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan¹ lurk lowly unseen,
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace,
 What are they? The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain:
 He wanders as free as the wind o'er his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

¹ flower of the daisy, dandelion or hawkweed

3. The lass of Lochroyan (Walter Scott)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 371; Hob. XXXIa:209

Copied, by permission, from The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open, and let me in!
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And the rain drops o'er my chin."

"Gin¹ thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she)
Now tell me some o' the love tokens,
That past between thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind², Lord Gregory,
"As we sat at the wine,
"We chang'd the rings frae our fingers?
"And I can shew thee thine."

"O your's was gude, and gude enough,
"But ay the best was mine;
"For your's was o' the gude red gowd³,
"But mine o' the diamond fine."

(vv 1, 2, 21 & 22)

¹ if; ² do you not recall; ³ gold

4. This is no mine ain house
JHW XXXII/5, No. 402; Hob. XXXIa:14^{bis}

O, this is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging¹ o't;
Since with my love I've changed vows,

I dinna like the bigging² o't:
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I like to guide,
And please me wi' the triggering³ o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds us into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay:
Avoiding ilka⁴ cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,
That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band⁵ ay.
¹ ridge of a roof; ² building; ³ neatness, tidiness;
⁴ every; ⁵ bond

5. For the lack of gold
JHW XXXII/5, No. 398; Hob. XXXIa:222

For the lack of gold she's left me, O,
And of all that's dear bereft me, O;
She me forsook for a great duke,
And to endless woe she's left me, O.
A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part;

For glittering show she's left me, O.

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me, O.
Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Though she's for ever left me, O.

6. Widow are ye wakin'?
JHW XXXII/5, No. 423; Hob. XXXIa:75^{bis}

"O! wha's that at my chamber door?"
"Fair widow are ye wakin'?"
"Auld carle¹, your suit give o'er,
"Your love lies a' in tawkin';
"Gie me a lad that's young and tight²,
"Sweet like an April meadow;
"'Tis sic³ as he can bless the sight
"And bosom of a widow!"

"O! widow, wilt thou let me in?
"I'm pawky⁴, wise, and thrifty;
"And come of a right gentle kin,
"I'm little mair than fifty."
"Daft carle, dit⁵ your mouth;
"What signifies how pawky,
"Or gentle born ye be – but troth,
"In love ye're but a gawky⁶."

"Then, widow, let those guineas speak,
"That powerfully plead clinkan⁷;
"And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek⁸,
"And nae mair love will think on."

"These court indeed, I maun⁹ confess,
"I think they mak' you young, sir;
"An' ten times better can express
"Affection, than your tongue, sir."

¹ name for an old man; ² well-built, shapely; ³ such;
⁴ cunning; ⁵ shut; ⁶ idiot; ⁷ money, cash; ⁸ close; ⁹ must

7. The maid that tends the goats (Mr. Dudgeon)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 397; Hob. XXXIa:221

Up amang yon clifly rocks,
Sweetly rings the rising echo,
To the maid that tends the goats,
Lilting o'er her native notes.
Hark, she sings, "Young Sandy's kind,
"An' he's promised ay to lo'e me,
"Here's a brotch¹ I ne'er shall tin'd²,
"Till he's fairly married to me:
"Drive away, ye drone time,
"An' bring about our bridal day."

"Sandy herds a flock o' sheep,
"Aften does he blaw the whistle,
"In a strain sae softly sweet,
"Lammies listening dare nae bleat;
"He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
"Hardy as the Highland heather,
"Wading through the winter snow,
"Keeping ay his flock together;
"But a plaid³, wi' bare houghs⁴,
"He braves the bleakest norlin⁵ blast."

"Brawly⁶ he can dance and sing
"Canty⁷ glee, or Highland cronach⁸;
"Nane can ever match his fling⁹

"At a reel, or round a ring;
 "Wightly¹⁰ can he wield a rung¹¹
 "In a brawl he's ay the bangster¹²
 "A his praise can ne'er be sung
 "By the longest winded sangster.
 "Sangs that sing o' Sandy,
 "Come short, though they were e'er sae lang."

¹ brooch; ² lose; ³ rectangular length of twilled woollen cloth worn as a mantle or outer garment; ⁴ thighs; ⁵ north; ⁶ very well, finely; ⁷ cheerful, merry; ⁸ dirge or lament; ⁹ Highland dance; ¹⁰ strongly; ¹¹ stick, cudgel; ¹² conqueror

8. Todlin hame JHW XXXII/5, No. 425; Hob. XXXIa:6^{bis}

When I ha'e a saxpence under my thumb,
 O then I'll get credit in ilka¹ town;
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
 O! poverty parts good company!
 Todlin² hame, todlin hame,
 O cou'dna my love come todlin hame!

Fair fa' the gudewife³, and send her good sale;
 She gie's us white bannocks⁴ to drink her ale;
 Syne⁵ if her typpenny⁶ chance to be sma',
 We'll tak' a good scour⁷ o't, and ca't awa'⁸.
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 As round as a neep⁹ we gang todlin hame.
 My kimmer¹⁰ and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa pint-stoups¹¹ at our bed-feet;
 And ay when we wakened, we drank them dry;
 What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
 Todlin hame, todlin hame,
 Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leez me on liquor¹², my todlin dow¹³,
 You're ay sae good-humoured when weeting your mou';
 When sober, sae sour, ye'll fecht¹⁴ wi' a flee,
 That its a blythe sight to the bairns¹⁵ and me,
 When todlin hame, todlin hame,
 When round as a neep ye come todlin hame.

¹ every; ² tottering; ³ mistress of the house;
⁴ flat cakes toasted on a girdle; ⁵ then; ⁶ weak ale or beer sold at twopence the Scots pint;
⁷ drink; ⁸ throw it away; ⁹ turnip; ¹⁰ wife; ¹¹ vessel for measuring or holding liquor; ¹² I am very fond of liquor;
¹³ dove, figurative term of endearment; ¹⁴ fight;
¹⁵ children

9. The bonnie wee thing (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/5, No. 392; Hob. XXXIa:102^{bis}

Bonnie¹ wee² thing, cannie³ wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine⁴.

Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face of thine,
 And my heart it stounds⁵ wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;

To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

¹ beautiful; ² little; ³ gentle; ⁴ lose; ⁵ aches

10. Up in the morning early (John Hamilton) JHW XXXII/5, No. 416; Hob. XXXIa:28^{bis}

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south,
 The drift is driving sairly,
 The sheep are couing¹ in the heugh²,
 O! Sirs, 'tis winter fairly.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 I'd rather gae supperless to my bed,
 Than rise in the morning early.

The sun peeps o'er yon southlan' hills,
 Like ony timorous carlie³,
 Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
 And that we fin' severely.
 Now up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When snaw blaws ben⁴ to the chimly cheek⁵,
 Wha'd rise in the morning early?

A cosey house, and canty⁶ wife,
 Are blessings late an' early;
 A pantry stow'd⁷ wi' meal an' maut⁸,
 It answers unco⁹ rarely.
 But up in the morning, na, na, na!
 Up in the morning early;
 The govans¹⁰ maun glent¹¹ on bank and brae¹²,
 When I rise in the morning early.

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

¹ taking cover; ² crag, cliff; ³ old man; ⁴ through;
⁵ chimney-side; ⁶ merry, cheerful; ⁷ full to overflowing; ⁸ food and drink; ⁹ very; ¹⁰ flowers of the daisy, dandelion or hawkweed; ¹¹ must shine, glitter; ¹² hillside

11. Lochaber (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/5, No. 424; Hob. XXXIa:190^{bis}

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
 Where heartsome with thee I have mony¹ day been;
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
 We'll may-be return to Lochaber no more.
 These tears that I shed, they are a' for my dear,
 And not for the dangers attending on weir²;
 Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
 May-be to return to Lochaber no more.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun³ plead my excuse;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it, I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should chance to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ many; ² war; ³ must

12. The yellow haired laddie (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/5, No. 376; Hob. XXXIa:211

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,

The yellow-haired laddie would oftentimes go
To the wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
grow.

The shepherd thus sung: – Though young Madie be fair,
Her beauty is dashed with a scornful proud air;
But Susie is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the spring.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dower¹,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;
Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

¹ dowry, marriage-portion

13. Robin is my only jo
JHW XXXII/5, No. 412; Hob. XXXIa:72^{bis}

Robin is my only jo¹,
Robin has the art to loo,
So to his suit I mean to bow,
Because I ken he loo's me.
Happy, happy was the shower,
That led me to his birken² bower,
Where first of love I fand the power,
And ken'd that Robin loo'd me.

He's tall and sonsy³, frank and free,
Loo'd by a', and dear to me,
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin loo's me.
My titty⁴ Mary said to me,
Our courtship but a joke wad be,

And I, e'er lang, be made to see,
That Robin didna loo me.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between;
And in his wooing, O sae keen
Kind Robin is that loo's me!
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When "Join your hands," Mess John⁵ shall say,
And mak' him mine that loo's me!

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ sweetheart; ² birch trees;

³ engaging and friendly in appearance;

⁴ sister; ⁵ the parson

14. O'er the muir among the heather (Jean Glover)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 396; Hob. XXXIa:122^{ter}

Coming through the craigs o' Kyle,
Among the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keeping a' her yowes¹ thegither.
O'er the muir among the heather,
O'er the muir among the heather;
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I, my dear, whare is thy hame,
In muir, or dale, pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent² thae fleecy flocks,
That feed among the blooming heather.
O'er the muir among the heather,
O'er the muir among the heather;

She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks,
That feed among the blooming heather.

She charmed my heart, and ay sinsyne³
I could na think on ony ither;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass among the heather.
O'er the muir among the heather,
O'er the muir among the heather;
By sea and sky! she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass among the heather.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ ewes; ² care for; ³ since that time

15. Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came
JHW XXXII/5, No. 426; Hob. XXXIa:261

Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came,
Where Jocky speeled¹ the vessel's side;
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
When Jocky's tost aboon² the tide;
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been;
And when ilk³ lass about him thrangs⁴,
He'll think on Annie, his faithful ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' gowd⁵ in hand he tempted me,
He praised my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag of what he'd gi'e:
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Tost up and down the awesome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Blaw saft, ye gales, round Jocky's head,
And gar⁶ your waves be calm and still;
His homeward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna all my pleasure spill:
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw⁶ in siller shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ climbed; ² above; ³ every; ⁴ throngs; ⁵ gold; ⁶ make;

⁷ handsome

16. Galla water
JHW XXXII/5, No. 394; Hob. XXXIa:15^{bis}

Braw¹, braw lads of Galla water;
Oh! braw lads o' Galla water;
I'll kilt² my coats aboon³ my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent⁴ her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss, she's ay my dearie.

(vv 1 & 2)

¹ fine, handsome; ² tuck up (one's clothes or skirt);

³ above; ⁴ smooth, unwrinkled

17. Tweedside (Mr. Crawford)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 368; Hob. XXXIa:206

What beauties does Flora disclose,

How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
 Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 No daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her can compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet-winding Tay?
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

(vv 1 & 4)

18. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 422; Hob. XXXIa:178^{bis}

O Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonie lasses;
 They biggit¹ a bower on yon burn brae²,
 And theekit³ it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter:
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een⁴,
 They gar⁵ my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap⁶;
 She smiles like a May morning,
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning:
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,

Her waist and feet's fu' genty⁷;
 With ilka⁸ grace she can command, –
 Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's looks are like the craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, red up⁹, and braw¹⁰, –
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blythe as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight¹¹, and tall is;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still, –
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas!

Dear Bessy Bell, and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco¹² sair oppress us;
 Our fancies jee¹³ between yon twae,
 Ye are sic bonie lasses:
 Waes me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stinted¹⁴;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

¹ built; ² steep or sloping bank of a river; ³ thatched;
⁴ coquettish eyes; ⁵ make, force;
⁶ flax on the distaff; ⁷ small and handsome; ⁸ every;
⁹ well dressed; ¹⁰ fine, handsome;
¹¹ shapely; ¹² very; ¹³ move; ¹⁴ restricted

19. An thou wert mine ain thing
JHW XXXII/5, No. 413; Hob. XXXIa:164^{bis}

An¹ thou wert mine ain thing,
 O I would love thee, I would love thee;
 An thou wert mine ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee!
 Of race divine thou needs must be,

Since naething earthly equals thee;
 For heaven's sake, O favour me,
 Wha only live to love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 Sae lang's I had the use of light,
 I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
 Syne² in saft whispers through the night,
 I'd tell how much I love thee.

An thou wert mine ain thing, &c.
 And when at last, thou lovely maid! –
 A drooping flower, – thyself shalt fade,
 I'll watch thy gentle parting shade,
 And then forever love thee!

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ if; ² then

20. The day returns (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 411; Hob. XXXIa:259

The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toiled,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, – it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live!

When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss – it breaks my heart.

21. The soldier's dream. Captain O'Kain (Mr. Campbell)
JHW XXXII/5, No. 401; Hob. XXXIa:224

Our bugles sung truce; for the night-cloud had lowered,
 And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
 And twice ere the cock-crow I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far, I had roamed on a desolate track,
 Till autumn and sunshine arose on the way
 To the house of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,

And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

(vv 1, 4 – 6)

¹ roll; ² rectangular length of twilled woollen cloth worn as a mantle or outer garment;
³ must; ⁴ shoes; ⁵ rough Highland shoes of untanned hide

2. How long and dreary is the night (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 67; Hob. XXXIa:67

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lye frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary.
I sleepless lye, &c.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie!
And now what lands between wi' lie,
How can I be but eerie!¹
And now what lands, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae² and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted³ by,
When I was wi' my deary.
It was na sae ye glinted, &c.

¹ uneasy, apprehensive; ² sad, sorrowful;
³ passed quickly like a transient gleam

3. Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 7; Hob. XXXIa:7

And gin¹ ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gie'er a kiss, and let her gae,

But gin ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar² rub her o'er wi' strae³.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip,
Of ilka⁴ joy, when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twa-fauld o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan⁵ in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the soft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte⁶
On you, if she keep⁷ ony skaith⁸.

¹ if; ² force, make; ³ straw; ⁴ every;
⁵ flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed; ⁶ blame;
⁷ met with; ⁸ injury supposed to proceed from witchcraft

4. The gard'ner wi' his paidle (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 45; Hob. XXXIa:45

When rosy May comes in wi' flow'rs,
To deck her gay, green spreading bow'rs,
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle¹.
The chrystal waters gently fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round him blaw,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dews he maun² repair,

The gard'ner wi' his paidle.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he loves the best,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

¹ hoe; ² must

5. Shepherds, I have lost my love
JHW XXXII/1, No. 93; Hob. XXXIa:93

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna?

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Untill her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me, whither?
Ah! wo for me, perhaps she's gone
For ever and for ever.

6. The birks of Abergeldie
JHW XXXII/1, No. 58; Hob. XXXIa:58

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,

"Stay – stay with us! – rest! – thou art weary and worn!"

(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

Scottish Songs for William Napier

Compact Disc 74

1. Lizae Baillie
JHW XXXII/1, No. 83; Hob. XXXIa:83

"My bonny Lizae Baillie,
I'll row¹ ye in my plaidie²,
And ye maun³ gang along wi' me,
And be a Highland lady."

Now she's cast aff her bonny shoen⁴,
Made o' the gilded leather,
And she's put on her Highland brogues⁵,
To skip amang the heather.

And she's cast aff her bonny gown,
Made o' the silk and sattin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid,
To row amang the braken.

She wad nae ha'e a Lawland laird,
Nor be an English lady,
But she wad gang wi' Duncan Graeme,
And row her in his plaidie.

Bonny lassie, will ye go
 To the birks¹ of Abergeldie?
 Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
 A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk,
 Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
 And coat of callimankie².

Na, kind sir, I dare nae gang,
 I dare nae gang, I dare nae gang,
 Na, kind sir, I dare nae gang,
 My minny³ will be angry;
 Sair, sair, wad she flyte⁴;
 Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
 Sair, sair, wad she flyte;
 And sair wad she ban⁵ me.

¹ birch trees; ² calamanco, a woollen material from Flanders; ³ mother; ⁴ scold, chide; ⁵ curse

7. The maid's complaint JHW XXXII/1, No. 84; Hob. XXXIa:84

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone,
 Her swain, Sylvander, came that way,
 And heard her dying moan,
 Ah! is my love, she said, to you
 So worthless and so vain?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain?

This said – all breathless, sick, and pale,
 Her head upon her hand –
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt,

But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

(vv 1 & 5)

8. The bonniest lass in a' the world (William Hamilton) JHW XXXII/1, No. 25; Hob. XXXIa:25

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla, heavenly charmer!
 See how with all their arts and wiles,
 The loves and graces arm her!

A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seat of youthful pleasures!
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads the rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy power:
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish;
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.

But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

9. I love my love in secret (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/1, No. 3; Hob. XXXIa:3

My Sandy gied to me a ring,
 Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine,
 But I gied him a better thing,

I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.
 My Sandy O, my Sandy O,
 My bonny, bonny Sandy O;
 Tho' the love that I owe
 To thee I dare na show,
 Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy O!

My Sandy brak a piece o' gowd¹,
 While down his cheeks the saut² tears row'd,
 He took a hauf³ and gied it me,
 And I'll keep it till the hour I die.
 My Sandy O, &c.

¹ gold; ² salt; ³ half

10. Steer her up, and had her gawin (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/1, No. 78; Hob. XXXIa:78

O steer¹ her up, and had her gawin²,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo³;
 But gin⁴ she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin⁵ langer to delay, jo.

See that shining glass of claret,
 How invitingly it looks;
 Tak it aff, let's ha'e mair o't,
 Pox on sighing, trade, and books.
 Let's ha'e mair pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle⁶ bowl,
 Place't on the middle of the table,
 And let the wind and weather growl.

¹ stir, arouse to action; ² keep her from going;
³ sweetheart; ⁴ if; ⁵ foolish; ⁶ large

11. Jamie, come try me (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/1, No. 79; Hob. XXXIa:79

Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me,
 If thou wou'd win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.
 If thou shou'd ask my love,
 Cou'd I deny thee?
 If thou wou'd win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

12. My boy Tammy (Hector Macneill) JHW XXXII/1, No. 18; Hob. XXXIa:18

Whar hae ye been a' the day,
 My boy, Tammy,
 Whar hae ye been a' the day,
 My boy, Tammy?
 I've been by burn¹ and flow'ry brae²,
 Meadow green and mountain gray,
 Courting o' this young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 And whar gat ye that young thing,
 My boy, Tammy?
 I gat her down in yonder how³,
 Smiling on a broomy know⁴,
 Herding ae wee lamb and ewe
 For her poor mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy, Tammy?
 Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
 My boy, Tammy?
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her ee;
 But, oh! she's but a young thing,
 Just come frae her mammy.

(vv 1, 2 & 7)

¹ stream; ² hillside; ³ hollow, dell;
⁴ small round hillock

13. The flowers of Edinburgh
JHW XXXII/1, No. 90; Hob. XXXIa:90

My love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flow'r of a' his kin;
 The absence of his bonny face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day nor night, find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain;
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
 That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan, while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 To hear tidings from my darling swain.

14. Jenny was fair (John Lapraik)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 99; Hob. XXXIa:99

When west winds did blow with a soft, gentle breeze,
 And sweet blooming verdure did clothe all the trees,
 I went forth one morning to hail the new spring,
 And hear the sweet songsters all warble and sing.
 I saw the green forest, I saw the gay plain,
 But nature to me was delightful in vain;
 For love had invaded the peace of my mind,
 And Jenny, dear Jenny, was fair and unkind.

Ye powers, who reside in the regions above,
 Deprive me of life, or inspire her with love!
 Make Jenny's fair bosom to feel for my pain,
 That I may sweet peace and contentment regain.
 Then in a retreat with my dear I would dwell;
 Contentment should guard us in some humble cell;
 Remote, we'll live happy, tho' simple our fare;
 Our health all our wealth, and to love all our care.

15. Up in the morning early (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 28; Hob. XXXIa:28

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sairly;
 Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning's nae for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it is winter fairly.

The birds sit chattering in the thorn,
 A' day they fare but sparely;
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,

I'm sure it's winter fairly.
 Up in the morning's, &c.

16. I'm o'er young to marry yet (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 30; Hob. XXXIa:30

I am my mammy's ae¹ bairn²,
 Wi' unco³ folk I weary, sir,
 And running wi' a man awa,
 I'm fley'd⁴ it make me irie⁵, sir.
 I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
 I'm o'er young to marry yet;
 I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
 Blaws thro' the leafless timmer⁶, sir;
 But if ye come this gate⁷ again,
 I'll alder be gin simmer, sir.
 I'm o'er young, &c.

¹ only; ² child; ³ such; ⁴ scared; ⁵ uneasy, apprehensive;
⁶ trees; ⁷ road

17. Hallow ev'n (William Hamilton)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 63; Hob. XXXIa:63

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
 That beauteous heaven e'rewhile serene?
 Whence do those storms and tempests flow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And lye obscur'd in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Thy form so fair, and faultless stands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty could make large amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try,
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

(vv 1 & 2)

18. Jockie and Sandy (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 91; Hob. XXXIa:91

Twa bonny lads were Sandy and Jockie;
 Jockie was lo'ed, but Sandy unlucky;
 Jockie was laird baith of hills and of vallies,
 But Sandy was naught but the king of gude fellows.
 Jockie lo'ed Madgie, for Madgie had money;
 And Sandy lo'ed Mary, for Mary was bonny.
 Ane wedded for love, ane wedded for treasure,
 So Jockie had siller, and Sandy had pleasure.

19. The black eagle (David Fordyce)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 66; Hob. XXXIa:66

Hark! yonder eagle lonely wails;
 His faithful bosom grief assails:
 Last night I heard him in my dream,
 When death and woe were all the theme.
 Like that poor bird I make my moan,
 I grieve for dearest Delia gone;
 With him to gloomy rocks I fly,
 He mourns for love, and so do I.

'Twas mighty love that tam'd his breast,
'Tis tender grief that breaks his rest;
He droops his wings, he hangs his head,
Since she he fondly lov'd was dead;
With Delia's breath my joy expir'd,
'Twas Delia's smiles my fancy fir'd;
Like that poor bird, I pine, and prove
Naught can supply the place of love.

(vv 1 & 2)

20. John Anderson (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 2; Hob. XXXIa:2

John Anderson, my jo¹, John,
When we were first acquaint,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent²:
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow³,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty⁴ day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun⁵ totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

¹ sweetheart; ² smooth, unwrinkled; ³ head;
⁴ cheerful, merry; ⁵ must

21. Mount your baggage (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 42; Hob. XXXIa:42

O mount and go,
Mount and make you ready,
O mount and go,
And be a Captain's lady.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.
O mount and go, &c.

When the vanquish'd foe
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.
O mount and go, &c.

22. Fy, let us a' to the bridal
JHW XXXII/1, No. 20; Hob. XXXIa:20

And fy, let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be liting there;
For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang kail¹ and cackocks²,
And bannocks³ of barley meal,
And there will be gude sawt⁴ herrings,
To relish a cog⁵ of gude ale.
And fy, let us a' to the bridal, &c.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks⁶, dulce⁷, and tangles⁸,
And a mill of gude snishin⁹ to prie¹⁰;
When weary with eating and drinking,

We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy, let us a' to the bridal,
For there'll be liting there;
For Jock's to be married to Jenny,
The lass wi' the gowden hair.

(vv 1 & 5)

¹ coleworts uncut; ² core and stalk of a cabbage;
³ flat cakes toasted on a girdle; ⁴ salt;
⁵ wooden bowl for drinking;
⁶ whelks; ⁷ edible red seaweed; ⁸ coarse seaweed;
⁹ snuff, sneezing powder; ¹⁰ taste

23. O'er bogie (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 16; Hob. XXXIa:16

I will awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her;
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I will awa' wi' her.
I'll o'er bogie¹, o'er bogie,
O'er bogie wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I will awa' wi' her.

For now she's mistress of my heart,
And wordy of my hand,
And well I wat² we shanna part
For siller or for land.
I'll o'er bogie, &c.

Let rakes delight to swear and drink,
And beaus admire fine lace;
But my chief pleasure is to blink
On Betty's bonny face.

I'll o'er bogie, &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
Of colour, traits, and air,
The saul³ that sparkles in her een
Makes her a jewel rare.
I'll o'er bogie, &c.

Her flowing wit gives shining life
To a' her other charms,
How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
And lock'd up in my arms!
I'll o'er bogie, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
While o'er her sweets I range,
I'll cry, your humble servant, king,
Shame fa' them that wad change.
I'll o'er bogie, &c.
A kiss of Betty and a smile,
Albeit ye wad lay down
The right ye hae to Britain's Isle,
And offer me ye'r crown.
I'll o'er bogie, &c.

¹ over the marsh or bog; ² know; ³ soul

24. Blink o'er the burn, sweet Betty (Joseph Mitchell)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 68; Hob. XXXIa:68

Leave kindred and friends, sweet Betty,
Leave kindred and friends for me!
Assur'd thy servant is steady
To love, to honour, and thee.
The gifts of nature and fortune,
May fly by chance as they came;

They're grounds the destinies sport on,
But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
Thy charms so heavenly appear;
That other beauties disproving,
I'd worship thine only, my dear!
And shou'd life's sorrows embitter
The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder like doves.

25. The soger laddie
JHW XXXII/1, No. 60; Hob. XXXIa:60

My soger¹ laddie is over the sea,
And he will bring gold and money to me;
And when he comes hame, he'll make me a lady;
My blessings gang wi' my soger laddie.

My doughty² laddie is handsome and brave,
And can as a soger and lover behave;
True to his country, to love he is steady;
There's few to compare wi' my soger laddie.

Shield him, ye angels, frae death in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my longing arms,
Syne³ frae all my care ye'll pleasantly free me,
When back to my wishes my soger ye gie me.

O soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he get his due:
For in noble actions his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.

¹ soldier; ² bold, displaying courage; ³ then

26. Barbara Allen
JHW XXXII/1, No. 11; Hob. XXXIa:11

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a falling,
That Sir John Graham in the west country
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down through the town,
To the place where she was dwelling:
O haste and cum to my master dear,
Gin¹ ye be Barbara Allen.

O hooly², hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by,
Young man, I think you're dying.

He turn'd his face unto the wa',
And death was wi' him dealing:
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allen,

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
And slowly, slowly left him;
And sighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
Since death of life had reft him.

O mither, mither, mak my bed,
O mak it saft and narrow,
Since my love died for me to-day,
I'll die for him to-morrow.

(vv 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 & 9)

¹ if; ² slowly, cautiously

27. Dainty Davie
JHW XXXII/1, No. 32; Hob. XXXIa:32

By drinking drive dull care away,
Be brisk and airy,
Never vary
In your tempers, but be gay;
Let mirth know no cessation:
We all were born, mankind agree,
From dull reflection to be free,
But he that drinks not, cannot be:
Then answer your creation.

When Cupid wounds, grave Hymen heals,
Then all our whining,
Wishing, striving,
To embrace what beauty yields,
Is left when in possession;
But Bacchus sends such treasure forth,
Possession never pallis its worth,
We always wish'd for't from our birth,
And shall for ever wish on.

28. My mither's ay glowran o'er me (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 70; Hob. XXXIa:70

My mither's ay glowran¹ o'er me,
Tho' she did the same before me;
I canna get leave
To look at my love,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine² my tocher³;

Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,
And wyte⁴ ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek⁵ in your toom⁶ coffer.

For though my father has plenty
Of siller and plenishing⁷ dainty,
Yet he's unco swee⁸
To twin wi' his gear⁹;
And sae we had need to be tenty¹⁰.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka¹¹ motion,
Brag¹² weel o' ye'r land,
And there's my leal¹³ hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

¹ staring, scowling; ² lose; ³ dowry, marriage portion;
⁴ blame; ⁵ peep; ⁶ empty; ⁷ household furniture;
⁸ he's very unwilling; ⁹ to part with his riches;
¹⁰ careful, cautious; ¹¹ every; ¹² boast; ¹³ loyal

29. Woo'd and married and a'
JHW XXXII/1, No. 38; Hob. XXXIa:38

The bride came out o' the byre,
And O, as she dight¹ her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor sheets,
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too.
The bride that has a'thing² to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle³ to do.
Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
An was nae she very weel aff,
That was woo'd and married and a'.

Out spake the bride's mither,
 What d – l⁴ needs a' this pride?
 I had nae a plack⁵ in my pouch
 That night I was a bride;
 My gown was linsey-woolsey⁶,
 And ne'er a sark ava⁷;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins⁸,
 Mae than ane or twa.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O gin⁹ I were but married!
 It's a' that I desire;
 But we, poor fo'k, maun¹⁰ live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I cou'd get but a man.
 Woo'd and married and a', &c.

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

¹ wiped clean; ² everything; ³ much; ⁴ devil;
⁵ coin, valued at a third of an English penny;
⁶ made from linen and wool mixed; ⁷ not even a shirt
 or shift at all; ⁸ dresses; ⁹ if only; ¹⁰ must

30. Wat ye wha I met yestreen? (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/1, No. 69; Hob. XXXIa:69

Now wat¹ ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming thro' the broom, my jo²?
 My mistress, in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo.
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,

That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
 Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny³, saft, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks⁴ have form'd a bow'r;
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to that cauler⁵ shade remove;
 There will I lock thee in my arms,
 And love and kiss, and kiss and love.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ know; ² sweetheart; ³ gentle; ⁴ birch trees; ⁵ cool,
 fresh

31. Jockey was the blythest lad (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/1, No. 64; Hob. XXXIa:64

Young Jockey was the blythest lad,
 In a' our town or here awa';
 Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud¹,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha'.
 He roos'd² my een sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty³ sma';
 An' aft my heart came to my mou',
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw;
 And o'er the lee⁴ I look fu' fain⁵,
 When Jockey's owsen⁶ hameward ca'⁷.
 An' ay the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he takes me a';

An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

¹ plough; ² praised, commended; ³ neat, dainty;
⁴ fields, untilled ground; ⁵ joyfully; ⁶ oxen; ⁷ drive

32. To dauntion me JHW XXXII/1, No. 98; Hob. XXXIa:98

Alas! when charming Sylvia's gone,
 I sigh and think my self undone;
 But when the lovely nymph is here,
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear,
 Thoughtless of all but her I rove,
 Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me so?
 I die with grief when she must go;
 But I revive at her return,
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
 Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
 Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah! no, 'tis love! 'tis now too plain,
 I feel, I feel the pleasing pain!
 For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize?
 Gods! if the truest must be bless'd,
 O! let her be by me possess'd.

33. The mill, mill O! (Peter Pindar) JHW XXXII/1, No. 92; Hob. XXXIa:92

Fie! Mary, to be so unkind,
 And cruel hoard thy blisses!
 Those lips for rapture were design'd,

Then let me steal their kisses.
 What, tho' a score or two I take?
 Be gen'rous, girl, and scorn 'em!
 Yet shoudst thou pout to have them back,
 I promise to return 'em.

Compact Disc 75

1. Duncan Davison (Robert Burns) JHW XXXII/1, No. 26; Hob. XXXIa:26

There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she gaed o'er the moor to spin;
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
 The moor was dreigh¹, and Meg was skeigh²,
 Her favour Duncan cou'd na win;
 For wi' the rock³ she wad him knock,
 And ay she shook the temper pin⁴.

As o'er the moor they lightly foot⁵,
 A burn⁶ was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks,
 And ay she set the wheel between;
 But Duncan swoor a haly aith⁷,
 That Meg shou'd be a bride the morn;
 Then Meg took up her spinnin graith⁸,
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn.

O! we will big⁹ a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blythe and merry's we will be.
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
 A man may drink, and no be drunk,
 A man may fight, and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonny lass,

And ay be welcome back again.

- ¹ dreary, bleak; ² proud; ³ spindle;
⁴ screw used to control tension on a spinning wheel;
⁵ went, travelled; ⁶ stream; ⁷ swore a holy oath;
⁸ gear, tools; ⁹ build

2. Be kind to the young thing
JHW XXXII/1, No. 54; Hob. XXXIa:54

Stella, darling of the Muses,
Fairer than the blooming spring, O,
Sweetest theme the poet chuses,
When of thee he strives to sing, O.

Whilst my soul with wonder traces
All thy charms of face and mind, O,
All the beauties, all the graces,
Of thy sex in thee I find, O.

Love, and joy, and admiration,
In my breast alternate rise, O,
Words no more can paint my passion
Than the pencil can thine eyes, O.

Lavish nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy cheeks and lips hath spread, O,
Colours that do shame the morning,
Shining with celestial red, O.

(vv 1 – 4)

3. Had awa frae me, Donald
JHW XXXII/1, No. 12; Hob. XXXIa:12

O had awa¹, had awa,

Had awa frae me, Donald;
Your heart is made o'er big for ane,
It is not meet for me, Donald.
Some fickle mistress you may find,
Will change as aft as thee, Donald;
To ilka² swain she will prove kind,
And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

First when you courted, I must own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald:
Apparent worth, and fair renown,
Made me believe you true, Donald.
Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
The man esteem'd by me, Donald,
But, now the mask is fallen, I scorn
To ware³ a thought on thee, Donald.

And now, for ever had awa,
Had awa frae me, Donald;
Gae seek a heart that's like thy ain,
And come nae mair to me, Donald.
For I'll reserve mysell for ane,
For ane that's liker me, Donald:
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll ne'er love man, nor thee, Donald.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)
¹ stay away ; ² every; ³ spend

4. Green grow the rashes (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 8; Hob. XXXIa:8

There's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes,
What signifies the life o' man,
An¹ 'twere not for the lasses.

Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

The worldly they may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them,
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them.
Green grow the rashes, &c.

Gie me a canny² hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie;
An' worldly cares, an' worldly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie³.
Green grow the rashes, &c.

For you sae douse⁴! ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses;
The wisest man the world e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses.
Green grow the rashes, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes;
Her 'prentice hand she try'd on man,
An' syne⁵ she made the lasses.
Green grow the rashes, &c.

¹ if; ² gentle, restful; ³ topsy-turvy;
⁴ sober, prudent; ⁵ then

5. Young Damon (Robert Fergusson)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 71; Hob. XXXIa:71

Amidst a rosy bank of flowers,

Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

Gay joy no more shall ease his mind,
No wanton sports can sooth his care,
Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
Can now no longer smiles impart;
His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,
Unshroud him from his veil of woe;
Range every charm to ease the pain,
That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

6. Duncan Gray (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 34; Hob. XXXIa:34

Cynthia, be as kind as fair:
Bid me not with tears depart,
'Twas thy graces laid the snare,
'Twas thy beauty caught my heart.

Let the world thy justice sound,
'Tis but common justice, sure!
As thine eyes have giv'n the wound,
Those sweet lips shou'd give the cure.

7. I dream'd I lay (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 87; Hob. XXXIa:87

I dream'd I lay where flow'rs were springing

Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling chrystal stream.
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring
O'er the swelling, drumlie¹ wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang ere noon, loud tempests, storming,
A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd;
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
I bear a heart shall support me still.

¹ muddy

8. Robin, quo' she
JHW XXXII/1, No. 72; Hob. XXXIa:72

Robin is my only jo¹,
Robin has the art to loo²,
So to his suit I mean to bow,
Because I ken he loo's me.
Happy, happy was the show'r,
That led me to his birken bow'r,
Whare first of love I fand the pow'r,
And ken'd that Robin loo'd me.

He's tall and sonsy³, frank and free,
Loo'd by a', and dear to me;
Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
Because my Robin loo's me.
My titty⁴ Mary said to me,

Our courtship but a joke wad be,
And I ere lang be made to see
That Robin did na' loo' me.

But little kens she what has been
Me and my honest Rob between,
And in his wooing, O! so keen
Kind Robin is that loo's me;
Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
And hasten on the happy day,
When, join'd our hands, mess John⁵ shall say,
And mak him mine that loo's me.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ sweetheart; ² love; ³ jolly, having engaging looks;
⁴ sister; ⁵ the parson

9. Maggie's tocher (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 86; Hob. XXXIa:86

The meal¹ was dear short syne²,
We buckled us a' thegither;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtship till her.
Twa pistols charg'd beguess,
To gie the courting shot,
And syne³ came ben⁴ the lass,
Wi' swats⁵ drawn frae the butt.
He first speer'd⁶ at the guidman⁷,
And syne at Giles, the mither,
An ye wad gi's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en thegither.

Your tocher's⁸ be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,

Twa good stilts⁹ to the pleugh,
And ye yoursell maun¹⁰ steer:
Ye sall ha'e twa good pocks¹¹
That ance were o' the twee¹²;
The t'ane to had¹³ the groats¹⁴,
The ither to had the meal;
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands¹⁵,
And that sall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken¹⁶ woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.
(vv 1 & 2)

¹ oatmeal; ² not long before; ³ then;
⁴ came into the parlour; ⁵ newly brewed weak beer;
⁶ asked, enquired; ⁷ master of the house; ⁸ dowry,
marriage-portion; ⁹ handles of a plough; ¹⁰ must;
¹¹ sacks; ¹² twilled fabric; ¹³ hold; ¹⁴ coins;
¹⁵ pliable sticks cut from a young tree; ¹⁶ oak

10. Whistle o'er the lave o't (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 76; Hob. XXXIa:76

First when Maggy was my care,
Heav'n, I thought, was in her air;
Now we're married, speir¹ nae mair,
But whistle o'er the lave² o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Sweet and harmless as a child;
Wiser men than me's beguil'd,
So whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we gree;
I care na by³ how few may see,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet;
I cou'd write, – but Meg maun⁴ see't,
Whistle o'er the lave o't.

¹ ask, enquire; ² rest, remainder; ³ I am indifferent;
⁴ must

11. Oh onochrie
JHW XXXII/1, No. 85; Hob. XXXIa:85

Oh, was not I a weary wight!¹
Oh, onochrie², O! oh, onochrie, O!
Maid, wife, and widow in one night!
Oh, onochrie, onochrie, onochrie, O!
When in my soft and tender arms,
Oh, onochrie, O! oh, onochrie, O!
When most I thought him free from harms,
Oh, onochrie, onochrie, onochrie, O!

Even at the dead time of the night,
Oh, onochrie, &c.
They broke my bower and slew my knight;
Oh, onochrie, &c.
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
Oh, onochrie, &c.
I'll tye my heart for ever mair.
Oh, onochrie, &c.

Nae sly-tongued youth or flattering swain,
Oh, onochrie, &c.
Shall e'er untie this knot again;
Oh, onochrie, &c.
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Oh, onochrie, &c.

Nor pant for aught, save Heaven and thee.
Oh, onochrie, &c.

¹ warrior; ² This word may simply be nonsense
vocables often found in certain types of Gaelic song.
Alternatively the word may be associated with the
Gaelic 'ochon' or 'ochan', found in Gaelic laments in
both Ireland and Scotland.

*The poem is believed to be of Highland origin and may
have been adapted from a Gaelic song. According to
Robert Burns, it was composed on the Massacre of
Glencoe, one of the most infamous and treacherous
events associated with the Jacobite Rebellions. On 13
February 1692, at five o'clock in the morning, the Earl of
Argyll's troops, most of whom were members of Clan
Campbell, carried out Government orders 'to fall upon
the rebels, the McDonalds, of Glencoe and putt (sic) all
to the sword under seventy' and 'to secure all avenues,
that no man may escape'. The two clans had long been
enemies, yet the Macdonalds, abiding by the Highland
code of hospitality, had offered the soldiers food and
shelter over a period of several days. The Campbells'
treachery lay in the devious manner in which they carried
out their orders.*

12. Tibby Fowler JHW XXXII/1, No. 52; Hob. XXXIa:52

Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
There's o'er mony wooing at her.
Courting at her, wooing at her,
Seeking at her, canna get her;
Filthy elf, it's for her pelf¹,

That a' the lads are wooing at her.

Ten came east, and ten came west,
And ten came rowing o'er the water;
Twa gaid down the lang dyke side,
There's twa-and-thirty wooing at her.
Courting at her, &c.

Fye upon the filthy snort.
There's o'er mony wooing at her;
Fifteen came frae Aberdeen;
There's seven-and-forty wooing at her.
Courting at her, &c.

She's got pendels² to her lugs³,
Cockle-shells wad set her better;
High heel'd shoon⁴, and siller studs,
And a' the lads are courting at her.
Courting at her, &c.

(vv 1, 2, 3 & 6)

¹ wealth; ² drop earrings; ³ ears; ⁴ shoes

13. Widow, are ye waking? (Allan Ramsay) JHW XXXII/1, No. 75; Hob. XXXIa:75

O wha's that at my chamber door?
"Fair widow, are ye waking?"
Auld carle¹, your suit give o'er,
Your love lyes a' in tawking.
Gi'e me a lad that's young and tight²,
Sweet like an April meadow;
'Tis sic as he can bless the sight
And bosom of a widow.

"O widow, wilt thou let me in?
"I'm pawky³, wise, and thrifty;
"And come of a right gentle kin,
"I'm little mair than fifty."
Daft carle, dit⁴ your mouth,
What signifies, how pawky
Or gentle born ye be – but troth –
In love ye're but a gawky⁵.

"Then, widow, let those guineas speak,
"That powerfully plead clinkan⁶;
"And if they fail, my mouth I'll steek⁷,
"And nae mair love will think on."
These court indeed, I maun⁸ confess,
I think they mak you young, sir,
And ten times better can express
Affection, than your tongue, sir.

¹ name for an old man; ² shapely, well-formed; ³
cunning;
⁴ close, shut; ⁵ awkward, clumsy person; ⁶ money,
cash;
⁷ close, shut; ⁸ must

14. The banks of Spey (Robert Burns with Mrs McLehose) JHW XXXII/1, No. 57; Hob. XXXIa:57

Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plung'd me deep in woe.
But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
My heart was form'd to prove;
There, welcome win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh, why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny;
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The only friend I sought.

15. My ain kind deary (Robert Fergusson) JHW XXXII/1, No. 31; Hob. XXXIa:31

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rigg¹,
My ain kind deary, O!
And cuddle there sae kindly
Wi' me, my ain kind deary, O!

At thornie dyke² and birken tree,
We'll daff³, and ne'er be weary, O!
They'll scug⁴ ill een⁵ frae you and me,
My ain kind deary, O!

Nae hears, wi' kent⁶ or colly⁷ there,
Shall ever come to fear ye, O!
But lav'rocks⁸, whistling in the air,
Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for world's gear⁹, my jo¹⁰,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

¹ grassy ridge; ² dry-stone wall; ³ romp, frolic;
⁴ conceal, hide; ⁵ evil eyes; ⁶ shepherd's crook;
⁷ Scottish sheep-dog; ⁸ larks;

⁹ riches, goods of any kind; ¹⁰ sweetheart

16. Colonel Gardner¹ (Sir Gilbert Elliot)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 97; Hob. XXXIa:97

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,
Before the first cock's crowing,
When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,
 With hollow murmurs blowing;
When Fanny fair, all woe begone,
 Sad on her bed was lying,
And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard
 The boding screech-owl crying.

Aghast, she started from her bed,
 The fatal tidings dreading;
O speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!
 I see, I see him bleeding!
"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,
 At morn, fair maid, I left him;
Even at the threshold of his gate,
 The foe of life bereft him."

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,
 And sad was our complaining;
But oh! for thee, my native land,
 What woes are still remaining!
But why complain? the hero's soul
 Is high in heaven shining:
May Providence defend our isle
 From all our foes designing.

(vv 1, 4 & 6)

¹ Colonel Gardner served in the Hanoverian army under General Sir John Cope. This poem was written on the

death of Colonel Gardner at the Battle of Preston Pans on 21 September 1745, when Cope's men were heavily defeated by Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Jacobite army.

17. John of Badenyon (The Rev. John Skinner)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 24; Hob. XXXIa:24

When first I came to be a man, of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth, and fain the world
would know;
In best attire I stept abroad, with spirits brisk and gay,
And here, and there, and ev'ry where, was like a morn
in May.
No care I had, nor fear of want, but rambled up and
down,
And for a beau I might have pass'd in country or in
town;
I still was pleas'd where-e'er I went, and when I was
alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself with *John of
Badenyon*.

And now, ye youngsters every where, who want to
make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope for happiness
below;
What you may fancy pleasure here, is but an empty
name,
For friendship, love, and learning deep, you'll find them
all the same,
Then be advis'd, and warning take, from such a man as
me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal, nor one of high degree:
You'll find displeasure every where, then do as I have
done;

E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself with *John of
Badenyon*.

(vv 1 & 5)

18. Mary's dream (Alexander Lowe)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 1; Hob. XXXIa:1

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
 "O Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head, to ask who there might be?
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye:
"O, Mary dear! cold is my clay,
 "It lies beneath a stormy sea;
"Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,
 "So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
 "We soon shall meet upon that shore,
"Where love is free from doubt and care,
 "And thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see,
But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

19. Love will find out the way
JHW XXXII/1, No. 53; Hob. XXXIa:53

Quite over the mountains,
And over the waves,
Quite over the fountains,
And under the graves;
O'er floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
O'er rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing to be blind;
But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him,
He will find out the way.

(vv 1 & 4)

20. I had a horse
JHW XXXII/1, No. 17; Hob. XXXIa:17

I had a horse and I had nae mair,
I got him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.
And sae I thought me on a time,
Out-wittens¹ o' my daddy,
To fee² myself to a lawland laird,
Wha had a bonny lady.

¹ without the knowledge; ² hire

21. O can you sew cushions
JHW XXXII/1, No. 48; Hob. XXXIa:48

O can ye sew cushions, and can ye sew sheets,
And can ye sing balla loo when the bairn¹ greets²,
And hee and baw birdie, and hee and baw lamb,
And hee and baw birdie, my bonny wee lamb?
Hee O, wee O, what wou'd I do wi' you?

Black's the life that I lead wi' you;
Mony o' you, little for to gi' you,
Hee O, wee O, what wou'd I do wi' you?

¹ child; ² sheds a tear, weeps

22. Cumbernauld House (Robert Fergusson)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 47; Hob. XXXIa:47

Where winding Forth adorns the vale,
Fond Strephon, once a shepherd gay,
Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
And thus address'd his plaintive lay:
O Julia, more than lily fair,
More blooming than the op'ning rose,
How can thy breast, relentless, wear
A heart more cold than winter's snows.

23. O bonny lass
JHW XXXII/1, No. 89; Hob. XXXIa:89

"O say, bonny lass, will you lye in a barrack,
And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet,
O say, wou'd you leave baith your mither and daddy,
And follow the camp with your soldier laddy?"

'O yes, bonny lad, I could lye in a barrack,
And marry a soldier, and carry his wallet;
I'd neither ask leave of my mither or daddy,
But follow my dearest, my soldier laddy.'
"But say, bonny lass, when I go into battle,
Where dying men groan, and loud cannons rattle?"
'O then, bonny lad, I will share a' thy harms,
And should'st thou be kill'd, I will die in thy arms.'

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

24. Merry may the maid be (Sir John Clerk)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 50; Hob. XXXIa:50

O merry may the maid be,
That marries the miller,
For foul day and fair day,
He's ay bringing till her;
He's ay a penny in his purse,
For dinner and for supper,
And gin¹ she please, a good fat cheese,
And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
I spier'd² what was his calling;
Fair maid, says he, O come and see,
Ye're welcome to my dwelling:
Tho' I was shy, yet I could spy
The truth of what he told me,
And that his house was warm and couth³,
And room in it to hold me.

In winter when the wind and rain
Blaws o'er the house and byre,
He sits beside a clean hearth-stane,

Before a rousing fire;
With nut-brown ale he tells his tale,
Which rows⁴ him o'er fou nappy⁵,
Who'd be a king, - a petty thing,
When a miller lives so happy.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ if; ² asked, enquired; ³ comfortable, agreeable;
⁴ makes; ⁵ very intoxicated

25. Fife and a' the lands about it
JHW XXXII/1, No. 29; Hob. XXXIa:29

Allan by his grief excited,
Long the victim of despair,
Thus deplor'd his passion slighted,
Thus address'd the scornful fair;
Fife and a' the lands about it,
Undesiring I can see;
Joy may crown my days without it,
Not, my charmer, without thee.

Must I then forever languish,
Still complaining, still endure;
Can her form create an anguish,
Which her soul disdains to cure!
Why, by hopeless passion fated,
Must I still those eyes admire,
Whilst unheeded, unregretted,
In her presence I expire.

(vv 1 & 2)

26. Sleepy bodie
JHW XXXII/1, No. 44; Hob. XXXIa:44

Altho' I be but a country lass,
Yet a lofty mind I bear, O,
And think myself as good as those
That rich apparel wear, O.
Altho' my gown be hame-spun gray,
My skin it is as soft, O,
As them that satin weeds do wear,
And carry their heads aloft, O.

What tho' I keep my father's sheep?
The thing that must be done, O,
With garlands of the finest flowers
To shade me frae the sun, O.
When they are feeding pleasantly,
Where grass and flowers do spring, O,
Then on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I set me down, and sing, O.

My Paisley Piggy¹ cork'd, with sage,
Contains my drink, but thin, O,
No wines do e'er my brain enrage,
Or tempt my mind to sin, O.
My country curds and wooden spoon,
I think them unco² fine, O,
And on a flow'ry bank at noon,
I set me down, and dine, O.

¹ an earthenware vessel, pitcher; ² very

27. Her absence will not alter me
JHW XXXII/1, No. 100; Hob. XXXIa:100

Tho' distant far from Jessy's charms,

I stretch in vain my longing arms,
 Tho' parted by the deeps of sea,
 Her absence will not alter me.
 Tho' beauteous nymphs I see around,
 A Chloris, Flora might be found,
 Or Phyllis with her roving eye;
 Her absence shall not alter me.

A fairer face, a sweeter smile,
 Inconstant lovers may beguile,
 But to my lass I'll constant be,
 Nor shall her absence alter me.
 Though laid on India's burning coast,
 Or on the wide Atlantic tost,
 My mind from love no pow'r could free,
 Nor could her absence alter me.

For conqu'ring love is strong as death,
 Like veh'ment flames his pow'rful breath,
 Thro' floods unmov'd his course he keeps,
 Ev'n thro' the sea's devouring deeps.
 His veh'ment flames my bosom burn
 Unchang'd they blaze till thy return;
 My faithful Jessy then shall see,
 Her absence has not alter'd me.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

28. The brisk young lad
JHW XXXII/1, No. 46; Hob. XXXIa:46

There came a young man to my daddie's door,
 My daddie's door, my daddie's door,
 There came a young man to my daddie's door,
 Came seeking me to woo.
 And vow, but he was a braw¹ young lad,

A brisk young lad, and a braw young lad,
 And vow, but he was a braw young lad,
 Came seeking me to woo.

I set him in aside the bink²,
 I ga'e him bread, and ale to drink;
 And ne'er a blyth styme³ wad he blink,
 Until that he was fou⁴.
 And vow, but, &c.

Gae, get ye gone, ye cauldri⁵ wooer,
 Ye sour-looking cauldri⁵ wooer,
 I straightway show'd him to th' door,
 Saying, come nae mair to woo.
 And vow, but, &c.

There lay a duck-dub⁶ before the door,
 Before the door, before the door,
 There lay a duck-dub before the door,
 And there fell he, I throw.
 And vow, but, &c.

Then out came I, and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo, but ye're a' beguil'd,
 Ye'ave fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyl'd,
 We'll hae nae mair o' you.
 And vow, but, &c.

(vv 1, 3, 4, 5 & 7)

¹ fine, handsome; ² bench, seat;
³ never a cheerful look; ⁴ drunk;
⁵ indifferent, cold-hearted; ⁶ puddle, pool of rain-water

29. John, come kiss me now
JHW XXXII/1, No. 41; Hob. XXXIa:41

When charming Chloe gently walks,
 Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks;
 No goddess can with her compare,
 So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
 Is with a mind as nobly grac'd;
 With sparkling wit and solid sense,
 And soft persuasive eloquence.

30. The bonny brucket lassie (James Tytler)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 59; Hob. XXXIa:59

The bonny brucket¹ lassie,
 She has the tearful een;
 She was the fairest lassie
 That danced on the green.
 A lad he loo'd her dearly,
 She did his love return;
 But he his vows has broken,
 And left the maid to mourn.

"O could I live in darkness,
 "Or hide me in the sea,
 "Since my love is unfaithful
 "And has forsaken me;
 "No other love I suffer'd
 "Within my breast to dwell,
 "In nought I have offended
 "But loving him too well."

Her lover heard her mourning,
 As by he chanc'd to pass,

And press'd unto his bosom,
 The lovely brucket lass;
 "My dear," he said, "cease grieving,
 "Since that your love's so true,
 "My bonny brucket lassie,
 "I'll faithful prove to you."

¹ marked in some way, as with dirt or mud, or disfigured

31. When she came ben she bobbit¹ (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 62; Hob. XXXIa:62

Ah! why to others art thou fair?
 Why from thy bosom's snowy white,
 Thy smiles, thy cheeks, thy glossy hair,
 Shall other shepherds steal delight?

From morn to eve let me admire,
 Untir'd, thy converse sweet approve;
 Thy charms, that other shepherds fire,
 O Delia, wrong my constant love.

I feel the beauties that are thine,
 Yet, let my heart alone adore;
 An avarice of love is mine,
 That doats like misers on their store.

Then, Delia, view my secret vale,
 And with thy smiles indulge the swain;
 How blest to tell the love-sick tale
 To her whom thousands seek in vain.

¹ When she came into the parlour she curtsied

32. Saw ye my father
JHW XXXII/1, No. 5; Hob. XXXIa:5

O saw ye my father, or saw ye my mither,
Or saw ye my true love John?
I saw not your father, I saw not your mither,
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the stars gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring, ding dong;
He's met wi' some delay, that causeth him to stay,
But he will be here ere long.

And are ye come at last, and do I hold ye fast,
And is my Johnny true!
I have nae time to tell, but sae lang's I like mysell,
Sae lang shall I like you.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

33. Cauld kail in Aberdeen (The Duke of Gordon)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 55; Hob. XXXIa:55

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks¹ in Stra'bogie,
Gin² I hae but a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie³.
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid daylight;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight⁴,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

In cotillons the French excel,
John Bull in countra dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well,
Mynheer an all'mand prances;

In foursome reels the Scots delight,
The threesome maist dance wound'rous light;
But twasome ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men of Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak a rest,
And tippie⁵ out a cogie;
Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk⁶ other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ core and stalk of a cabbage; ² if; ³ wooden bowl for drinking; ⁴ shapely, well-formed; ⁵ drink; ⁶ every

Compact Disc 76

1. Marg'ret's ghost (David Mallet)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 65; Hob. XXXIa:65

'Twas at the fearful midnight hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale, like April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.

How cou'd you say my face was fair,

And yet that face forsake?
How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why said you that my eyes were bright,
Yet left these eyes to weep?

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark: – the cock has warn'd me hence –
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man! how low she lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glist'ning head;
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
Then, raving, left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him o'er the green grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
And word spake never more.

(vv 1, 2, 9, 10, 13 – 17)

2. Todlen hame
JHW XXXII/1, No. 6; Hob. XXXIa:6

When I have a sixpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka¹ town;
But ay, when I'm poor, they bid me gae by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame², todlen hame,
O cou'd na my love come todlen hame?

Fair fa' the gude wife, and send her gude sale;
She gie's us white bannocks³ to drink her brown ale;
Syne⁴ if her tippony⁵ chance to be sma',
We'll tak' a gude scour⁶ o't, and ca't awa⁷.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep⁸ I come todlen hame.

My kimmer⁹ and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups¹⁰ at our bed feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry;
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
Todlen but, and todlen ben¹¹,
Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor¹², my todlen dow¹³,
You're ay sae gude-humour'd when wetting your mou';
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns¹⁴ and me,
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

¹ every; ² tottering home; ³ flat cakes toasted on a girdle; ⁴ then; ⁵ weak ale or beer sold at twopence the Scots pint; ⁶ drink; ⁷ plod on; ⁸ turnip; ⁹ wife; ¹⁰ vessels for measuring or holding liquor; ¹¹ tottering from one room of the house to the other; ¹² I am very fond of

liquor; ¹³ dove, figurative term of endearment;
¹⁴ children

3. Blue bonnets (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 39; Hob. XXXIa:39

Wherefore sighing art thou, Phillis?
Has thy prime unheeded past?
Hast thou found that beauty's lilies
Were not made for aye to last?
Know thy form was once a treasure;
Then it was thy hour of scorn,
Since thou then denied'st the pleasure,
Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn.

4. O, let me in this ae night
JHW XXXII/1, No. 61; Hob. XXXIa:61

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or are you waking, I would wit!¹
For love has bound me hand and foot,
And I would fain² be in, jo³.

O, let me in this ae night, this ae, ae, ae night;
O, let me in this ae night, I'll ne'er come back again,
jo.

The night it is baith could and weet,
The morn it will be snaw and sleet,
My shoon⁴ are frozen to my feet,
Wi' standing on the plain, jo.
O, let me in this ae night, &c.

¹ know; ² gladly; ³ sweetheart; ⁴ shoes

5. Raving winds (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 81; Hob. XXXIa:81

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring:
Farewell, hours, that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow.

O'er the past too fondly wand'ring,
On the hopeless future pond'ring,
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing,
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!

6. Logie of Buchan
JHW XXXII/1, No. 73; Hob. XXXIa:73

O Logie of Buchan, O Logie the laird,
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie that delv'd in the yard,
Who play'd on the pipe, wi' the viol sae sma';
They ha'e ta'en awa' Jamie the flow'r o' them a'!
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa',
He said, think na lang, lassie, tho' I gang awa';
For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sandy has owsen¹, has gear², and has kye³,
A house and a hadden⁴, and siller forby.
But I'd tak mine ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
Before I'd ha'e him wi' his houses and land.

He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie⁵, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loo'd me sae weel;
He had but a six-pence, he brak it in twa,
And gied me the ha'f o't, when he gaed awa'.
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide⁶ na awa',
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa';
For the simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And ye'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ oxen; ² riches, goods of any kind; ³ cows;
⁴ small stocked farm; ⁵ low seat; ⁶ stay

7. The ploughman (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 10; Hob. XXXIa:10

The ploughman he's a bonny lad,
His mind is ever true, jo¹,
His garters knit below his knee,
His bonnet it is blue, jo.
Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
And hey, my merry ploughman!
Of a' the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
He's aften wet and weary:
Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
And gae to bed, my dearie.
Then up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
And I will dress his o'erlay:

I will mak my ploughman's bed,
And chear him late and early.
Then up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
And siller buckles glancin,
A gude blue bannet on his head,
And O, but he was handsome!
Then up wi't a', &c.

(vv 1, 2, 3 & 5)

¹ sweetheart

8. Eppie Adair (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 74; Hob. XXXIa:74

An' O my Eppie¹,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wad na be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?

By love and by beauty,
By law and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair!

An' O my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wad na be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?

A' pleasure exile me,
Dishonour defile me,
If e'er I beguile thee,
My Eppie Adair!

¹ diminutive form of the name Elspeth.

**9. By the stream so cool and clear
(Andrew Macdonald)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 19; Hob. XXXIa:19**

By the stream so cool and clear,
And thro' the caves where breezes languish,
Soothing still my tender anguish,
Hoping still to find my lover,
I have wander'd far and near,
O where shall I the youth discover!

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,
Ye rocks with moss and ivy waving,
On some bank where wild waves laving¹,
Murmur thro' the twisted willow;
On that bank, O were I laid,
How soft should be my lover's pillow!

¹ lashing

**10. The wawking of the fauld (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 40; Hob. XXXIa:40**

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens;
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay;
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld;
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wawking of the fauld¹.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,

When e'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare.
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave² I'm cauld;
But she gars³ a' my spirits glow,
At wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
When e'er I whisper love;
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown.
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld⁴;
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wawking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest she sings the best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tauld,
With innocence, the wale⁵ of sense,
At wawking of the fauld.

¹ the act, or custom, of watching the sheep-fold towards the end of summer, when lambs are weaned and the ewes milked; ² rest, others; ³ makes; ⁴ bold; ⁵ choice

**11. Here's a health to my true love (Thomas Blacklock)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 49; Hob. XXXIa:49**

To me what are riches encumber'd with care?

To me what is pomp's insignificant glare?
No minion of fortune, no pageant of state,
Shall ever induce me to envy his fate.

With vigour, O teach me, kind heaven, to sustain
Those ills which in life to be suffer'd remain;
And, when it's allow'd me the goal to descry,
For my species I liv'd, for myself let me die.

(vv 1 & 7)

**12. Braw lads of Galla Water
JHW XXXII/1, No. 15; Hob. XXXIa:15**

Braw¹, braw lads of Galla Water;
O! braw lads of Galla Water:
I'll gae my lane² beyond the hill,
And look for him my heart sighs after.

But when returning crown'd with laurels,
Frae the fields of death and slaughter,
Ye shall meet with me, my love,
And bring me hame o'er Galla Water.

¹ fine, handsome; ² myself alone

**13. The glancing of her apron
JHW XXXII/1, No. 88; Hob. XXXIa:88**

In lovely August last,
On Munanday at morn,
As thro' the fields I past,
To view the yellow corn:
I looked me behind,
And saw come o'er the know¹,
Ane glancing in her apron,

With a bonny brent brow².

I said, good morrow, fair maid,
And she, right courteously,
Return'd a beck³, and kindly said,
"Good day, sweet sir, to thee."
I speir'd⁴, my dear, how far awa'
Do ye intend to gae?
Quoth she, I mean a mile or twa,
And o'er yon bonny brae⁵.

Fair maid, I'm thankfu' to my fate,
To have sic company,
For I am ganging straight that gate⁶,
Where ye intend to be.
When we had gane a mile or twain,
I said to hir, my dow⁷,
May wee not lean us on this plain,
And kiss your bonny brow'.

¹ small round hillock; ² a brow covered with lovely fine ringlets of hair; ³ curtsy; ⁴ asked, enquired; ⁵ hillside; ⁶ way, road; ⁷ dove, term of endearment

**14. Pentland Hills
JHW XXXII/1, No. 33; Hob. XXXIa:33**

When the bright god of day drove westward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming and clear,
The swallows amain nimbly skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants appear.

In a jessamine bow'r, when the bean was in flow'r,
And zephyrs breath'd odours around,
Lov'd Celia was sat, with her song and her lute,
And she charm'd all the grove with the sound.

Rosy bowers, she sung, while the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring arrive;
Th'industrious bees, from the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to their hive.

The gay god of love, as he flew o'er the grove,
By zephyrs conducted along:
As she touch'd on the strings, he beat time with his wings,
And Echo repeated the song.

15. Saw ye nae my Peggy?
JHW XXXII/1, No. 56; Hob. XXXIa:56

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Coming o'er the lee!¹
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was formed by nature,
So compleat each feature,
So divine is she.

O, how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me,
Lest she love nae me;
Peggy doth discover
Naught but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
That's a law to me.

(vv 1 & 2)

¹ untilled ground, pasture

16. Will ye go to Flanders
JHW XXXII/1, No. 13; Hob. XXXIa:13

Will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
And see the chief commanders, my Mally O?
You'll see the bullets fly, and the soldiers how they die,
And the ladies loudly cry, my Mally, O!

17. This is no mine ain house (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 14; Hob. XXXIa:14

O, this is no mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging¹ o't;
Since with my love I've chang'd vows,
I dinna like the bigging² o't:
For now that I'm young Robie's bride,
And mistress of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I like to guide,
And please me wi' the trigging³ o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets me.
When Hymen moulds me into ane,
My Robie's nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I am in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay:
Avoiding ilka⁴ cause of strife,
The common pest of married life,

That makes ane wearied of his wife,
And breaks the kindly band⁵ ay.

¹ ridge of a roof; ² building; ³ neatness, tidiness;
⁴ every; ⁵ bond

18. Peggy in devotion (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 96; Hob. XXXIa:96

Sweet nymph of my devotion,
Let thy smile
My hours beguile,
For care's an idle notion:
Then let love be free.

Since nature gave thee beauty,
Grant the kiss,
The highest bliss,
For know it is thy duty,
Listen, girl, to me.

19. The shepherd Adonis
JHW XXXII/1, No. 21; Hob. XXXIa:21

The shepherd Adonis
Being weary'd with sport,
He, for a retirement,
To the woods did resort;
He threw by his crook,
And he laid himself down;
He envy'd no monarch,
Nor wish'd for a crown.

The nymph she beheld him
With a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleas'd her

Beam forth in his face;
And, blushing a little,
She to him did say,
O shepherd, what want ye,
How came ye this way?
His spirits reviving,
The swain to her said,
I was ne'er sae surpris'd
At the sight of a maid;
Until I beheld thee,
From love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive,
My fairest, by thee.

(vv 1, 5 & 6)

20. The white cockade (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 22; Hob. XXXIa:22

My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen,
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He takes the field wi' his white cockade¹.
O, he's a ranting, roving lad,
He is a brisk and bonny lad,
Betide what may, I will be wed,
And follow the boy wi' the white cockade.

I'll sell my rock², my reel³, my tow⁴,
My gude grey mare and hawkit⁵ cow:
To buy mysell a tartan plaid⁶,
To follow the boy wi' the white cockade.
O, he's a ranting, &c.

¹ The white cockade was the emblem worn by the Jacobites on their blue bonnets;

² spindle; ³ spool, bobbin; ⁴ rope, hemp or flax;
⁵ white-faced; ⁶ rectangular length of twilled woollen
cloth worn as a mantle or outer garment

21. Bonny Kate of Edinburgh (Thomas Blacklock)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 94; Hob. XXXIa:94

Where waving pines salute the skies,
And silver streams meand'ring flow,
Where verdant mountains gently rise,
Thus Sandy sung his tale of woe:
Ah! Kitty, cruel, perjur'd maid,
Why hast thou stole my heart away,
Why thus forsaken am I laid,
To spend in tears and sighs the day?

Thus Sandy sung, but turning round,
Beheld sweet Nancy's injur'd shade;
He trembling saw, he shook, and groan'd,
Fear and dismay his guilt betray'd:
"Ah! hapless man, thy perjur'd vow,
"Was to thy Nancy's heart a grave;
"The damps of death bedew'd my brow,
"While you the dying maid could save!"

Thus spake the vision, and withdrew;
From Sandy's cheeks the crimson fled;
Guilt and despair their arrows threw,
And now behold the traitor dead.
Remember, swains, my artless strain,
To plighted faith be ever true,
And let no injur'd maid complain,
She finds false Sandy live in you.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

22. The waefu' heart
JHW XXXII/1, No. 9; Hob. XXXIa:9

Gin¹ living worth cou'd win my heart,
You wou'd na speak in vain,
But in the darksome grave it's laid,
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low wi' his
Whose heart was only mine:
And oh! what a heart was that to lose,
But I maun no repine².

I come, I come, my Jamie dear!
And oh! wi' what gude will!
I follow, wheresoe'er ye lead,
Ye canna lead to ill.
She said, and soon a deadly pale
Her faded cheeks possess,
Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
Her sorrows sunk to rest.

(vv 1 & 3)

¹ if; ² must not complain

23. Maggy Lauder
JHW XXXII/1, No. 35; Hob. XXXIa:35

Wha wad na be in love
Wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speer'd¹ what was't they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, ye hallanshaker²,
Jog on your gate³, you bladderskate⁴,
My name is Maggy Lauder.

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging fain⁵ to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In trowth I winna steer⁶ thee;
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter,
The lasses loup⁷ as they were daft,
When I bla' up my chanter.

Piper, quoth Mag, hae you your bags,
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live you upo' the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up, and wallop'd o'er the green,
For bravly⁸ could she frisk it:
Weel done, quoth he, play up, quoth she,
Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter,
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I get sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth she,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habby Simson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin⁹ you should come to Enster¹⁰ fair,
Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

¹ asked, enquired; ² ragamuffin; ³ get on your way;
⁴ foolish babbling fellow; ⁵ excitedly eager; ⁶ molest;
⁷ leap, jump; ⁸ very well; ⁹ if;
¹⁰ Anstruther, a fishing village in Fife

24. Willie was a wanton wag (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/1, No. 4; Hob. XXXIa:4

O Willie was a wanton wag,
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,
At bridals still he bore the brag¹,
And carried ay the gree² awa!
His doublet was of Zetland shag³,
And vow! but Willie he was braw⁴,
And at his shoulder hung a tag,
That pleas'd the lasses ane and a'.

He was a man without a clag⁵,
His heart was frank without a flaw;
And ay whatever Willie said,
It still was hadden⁶ as a law.
His boots they were made of the jag⁷,
When he went to the weapon-shaw⁸;
Upon the green nane durst him brag⁹,
The fiend a ane among them a'.

¹ carried off the highest place or honour;
² and was the most superior; ³ material having a long,
rough nap; ⁴ handsome; ⁵ fault; ⁶ held; ⁷ the best part
of calf leather; ⁸ show of arms or weapons, a kind of
militia review; ⁹ challenge

25. Willy's rare
JHW XXXII/1, No. 82; Hob. XXXIa:82

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
 And Willy heght¹ to marry me,
 Gin² e'er he marry'd ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' brade³,
 The night I'll make it narrow;
 For a' the live long winter's night,
 I'll lie twin'd of my marrow⁴.

O! came you by yon water side?
 Pu'd you the rose or lily?
 Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him brade and narrow;
 Sine⁵, in the cliffting⁶ of a craig⁷,
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

¹ promised; ² if; ³ broad; ⁴ marriage-partner, spouse;
⁵ then; ⁶ cleft; ⁷ ridge with a steep rock-face

26. Leader haughs and Yarrow
JHW XXXII/1, No. 27; Hob. XXXIa:27

The morn was fair, saft was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing;
 The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing;
 When on the bent¹, with blyth content,
 Young Jamie sang his marrow²,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,

On Leader haughs³ and Yarrow⁴.

O sweetest Sue! 'tis only you
 Can make life worth my wishes,
 If equal love your mind can move
 To grant this best of blisses.
 Thou art my Sun, and thy least frown
 Would blast me in the blossom;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

(vv 1 & 5)

¹ open field or open country; ² mate, wife;
³ low-lying ground or alluvial plain on the banks of a
 river; ⁴ Leader Water and Yarrow Water are tributaries
 of the river Tweed

Scottish Songs for William Napier II

Compact Disc 77

1. Bess and her spinning wheel (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 147; Hob. XXXIa:147

O leeze¹ me on my spinnin-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock² and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds³ me been,
 And haps⁴ me fiel⁵ and warm at e'en.
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh⁶ descends the simmer sin,
 Blest wi' content and milk and meal⁷,
 O leeze me on my spinnin-wheel.

On ilka hand⁸ the burnies⁹ trot¹⁰,
 And meet below my thackit cot¹¹;

The scented birk¹² and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite;
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes callor¹³ rest;
 The sun blinks kindly in the biel¹⁴,
 Where blythe I turn my spinnin-wheel.

Wi' sma'¹⁵ to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon¹⁶ distress, below envy,
 O wha wad leave this humble state
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Wi' a' their flairin'¹⁷ idle toys,
 Wi' a' their glitt'ring dinsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinnin-wheel?

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ dear is to me, an expression of strong affection for
 something;
² distaff, spindle; ³ clothes; ⁴ covers, wraps;
⁵ cosily, softly; ⁶ low; ⁷ flour of oats or barley;
⁸ on each side; ⁹ streamlets; ¹⁰ run, tumble;
¹¹ thatched cottage; ¹² birch tree;
¹³ cool and refreshing; ¹⁴ sheltered yard; ¹⁵ little;
¹⁶ above; ¹⁷ gaudy, extravagant

2. As I cam down by yon castle wa' (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 114; Hob. XXXIa:114

As I cam down by yon castle wa',
 And in by yon garden green,
 O, there I spied a bonnie¹ lass,
 But the flow'r borders were us between.

A bonnie, bonnie lassie she was,
 As ever mine eyes did see!

O, five hundred pounds would I give,
 For to have a pretty bride like thee.

To have a pretty bride like me,
 Young man, ye are fairly mista'en;
 Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
 I then wad despise being your queen.

Talk not so high, my bonnie, bonnie lass,
 O, talk not so very, very high;
 The man at the fair that wad sell,
 Maun² learn at the man that wad buy.
¹ beautiful; ² must

3. The slave's lament (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 137; Hob. XXXIa:137

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,
 For the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 Torn from that lovely shore, I must never see it more,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
Torn from, &c.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
 Like the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 There streams for ever flow, and there flow'rs for ever
 blow,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
There streams, &c.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia-ginia O;
 And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter bitter
 tear,
 And alas! I am weary, weary O!
And I think, &c.

4. Jenny drinks nae water (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 132; Hob. XXXIa:132

Come to my lip, thou sparkling glass,
And let me drink to her I love;
Good claret, and a sprightly lass,
Beat all the gods can boast above.

Then let us drown in wine the day,
And put old frowning Care to flight;
At eve to Chloe's bosom stray,
And steal the gloom from sullen night.

5. The vain pursuit (Thomas Blacklock)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 133; Hob. XXXIa:133

Forbear, gentle youth, to pursue me in vain.
Thy anguish I pity but cannot remove;
The ills I inflict I am doom'd to sustain,
Nor shalt thou alone be the victim of love.
My Sandy was beautiful, happy and wise,
In ev'ry accomplishment destin'd to shine;
He had wit for all tastes, he had charms for all eyes,
Alas! the dear youth was too charming for mine.

Still fortune relentless our union denied,
In quest of more treasure to India he went;
But there, hapless youth, to my sorrow he died,
And left me for ever his fate to lament.
Gay hopes and delightful presages adieu,
Adieu ye soft whispers of tender desire;
From thee, my dear swain, these emotions first grew,
In deep disappointment with thee they expire.

(vv 1 & 3)

6. Dear Silvia (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 136; Hob. XXXIa:136

Dear Silvia lay aside those airs,
And let me share thy kisses;
Why, after so much toil and pray'rs,
Refuse the tender blisses?

Then let me press those lips so sweet,
And, bee-like, honey rifle!
To me the gain were wond'rous great,
The loss to thee a trifle.

7. The tither morn
JHW XXXII/2, No. 130; Hob. XXXIa:130

The tither¹ morn,
When I, forlorn,
Aneath an aik² sat moaning;
I did na trow³,
I'd see my jo⁴,

Beside me 'gain the glo'ming⁵,
But he sae trig⁶,
Lap o'er the rig⁷,
And dawtingly⁸ did chear me;
When I, what reck,
Did least expect,
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajee⁹,
Cock'd sprush¹⁰ when first he clasp'd me;
And I, I wat¹¹,
Wi' fainness¹² grat¹³,

While in his grips he press'd me;
De'il tak the war,
I late and air¹⁴
Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad,
As shortsyne¹⁵ broken-hearted.

Fu' aft¹⁶ at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blyth and merry,
I car'd na by¹⁷,
Sae sad was I,
In absence o' my deary;
But praise be blest!
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
At kirk and fair,
I'se ay be there;
And be as canty's ony¹⁸.

¹ other; ² oak; ³ believe; ⁴ sweetheart;
⁵ twilight; ⁶ spruce, neat; ⁷ leapt over the ridge;
⁸ fondly; ⁹ to one side; ¹⁰ sprucely; ¹¹ knew;
¹² joy; ¹³ wept; ¹⁴ early;
¹⁵ lately, not long ago; ¹⁶ very often;
¹⁷ I was indifferent; ¹⁸ as cheerful as any

8. I do confess thou art sae fair (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 110; Hob. XXXIa:110

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wa'd been o'er the lugs¹ in luve;
Had I na found the slightest pray'r
That lips could speak thy heart could muve.
I do confess thee sweet, but find,

Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka² thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briars sae coy;
How sune it tynes³ its scent and hue,
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic⁴ fate, ere lang, shall thee betide;
Tho' thou may gaily bloom a while,
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.

¹ ears; ² every; ³ loses; ⁴ such

9. The bonnie wee thing (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 102; Hob. XXXIa:102

Bonnie¹ wee² thing, cannie³ wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tyne⁴.

Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face of thine,
And my heart it stounds⁵ wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na' mine.

*Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, was thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tyne.*

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
In ae⁶ constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,

Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

¹ beautiful; ² little; ³ gentle; ⁴ lose;
⁵ aches; ⁶ one

10. The widow (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 118; Hob. XXXIa:118

The widow can bake, and the widow can brew,
The widow can shape, and the widow can sew,
And mony braw¹ things the widow can do;
Then hey for the widow, my laddie.

What could you wish better your pleasure to crown,
Than a widow, the bonniest² toast in the town,
Wi' naething but draw in your stool and sit down,
And sport wi' the widow, my laddie?

Then till 'er ³, and kill 'er wi' courtesie dead,
Tho' stark love and kindness be a' ye can plead;
Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
Wi' a bonny gay widow, my laddie.

Strike iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald⁴,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the wooer that's thowless⁵ and cauld,
Unfit for the widow, my laddie.

¹ fine; ² loveliest; ³ go to her;
⁴ weld together; ⁵ lacking spirit

11. The posie (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 113; Hob. XXXIa:113

O luvie will venture in, where it daur¹ na weel be seen,
O luvie will venture in, where wisdom ance has been;

But I will down yon river rove among the wood sae
green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year:
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind and blooms without a
peer,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,
For its like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou':
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the di'mond draps o' dew shall be her een sae
clear;
The violet's for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luvie,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' 'abuve,
That to my latest breath o' life the band shall ne'er
remueve:
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

¹ dare

12. O for ane and twenty, Tam! (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 108; Hob. XXXIa:108

An O for ane and twenty, Tam!
An hey sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn¹ my kin² a rattlin' sang³,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They snool⁴ me sair, and haud⁵ me down,
An gar⁶ me look like bluntie⁷, Tam;
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
An then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

An O for ane and twenty, Tam!
An hey sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof⁸,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But, hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof⁹
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam.
An O for, &c.

(vv 1, 2 & 4)

¹ teach; ² relatives, kinfolk; ³ patter song;
⁴ snub; ⁵ hold; ⁶ make; ⁷ a fool;
⁸ fool, simpleton; ⁹ hand

13. Donocht Head (Thomas Pickering)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 115; Hob. XXXIa:115

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht Head,
The snaw drives snelly¹ thro' the dale,
The gaberlunzie² tirls my sneck³,

And shivering tells his waefu' tale.
Cauld is the night, O, let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa';
And dinna let his windin-sheet,
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.

Full ninety winters hae I seen,
And pip'd where gorcecks⁴ whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween⁵,
To liits which frae my drone I blew.
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
Get up, guidman⁶, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din.

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
E'en tho' she bans⁷ and scaulds a wee⁸;
But when its tun'd to sorrow's tale,
O haith⁹! its doubly dear to me.
Come in, auld carl¹⁰! I'll steer my fire,
I'll mak it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate¹¹,
Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.

¹ bitter, biting; ² tinker; ³ tries to open my door;
⁴ red grouse; ⁵ think; ⁶ husband; ⁷ swears, curses;
⁸ little; ⁹ a petty oath; ¹⁰ old man;
¹¹ you have lost your way

14. Frae the friends and land I love (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 105; Hob. XXXIa:105

Frae the friends and land I love
Driv'n by Fortune's felly¹ spite;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight.

Never mair maun² hope to find,
Ease frae toil, relief frae care;
When remembrance racks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk³ appear;
Desart ilka⁴ blooming shore;
Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love, and peace, restore,
Till Revenge, wi' laurel'd head,
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilka loyal, bonnie⁵ lad
Cross the seas, and win his ain.

¹ cruel; ² must; ³ dark; ⁴ every; ⁵ handsome

15. Green sleeves (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 112; Hob. XXXIa:112

Ye watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And represent her luver,
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, luve, and truth;
Till I return her passions sooth,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid knave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her:
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind
Than ane who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what can ne'er be found,
To please their vain ambition.
Let little minds great charms espy,
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasure, when come nigh,
Proves nothing in fruition.

But, cast into a mould divine,
Fair Delia does with lustre shine;
Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure.

Let poets in sublimest lays
Employ their skill her fame to raise;
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

16. Roy's wife (Mrs Grant of Carron)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 103; Hob. XXXIa:103

Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Alldivalloch,
Wat¹ ye how she cheated me
As I came o'er the braes² of Balloch?

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine;
She said she lo'ed me best of ony.
But oh! the fickle, faithless quean³,
She's ta'en the carle⁴ and left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

O she was a canty⁵ quean!
Well could she dance the Highland walloch⁶;
How happy I, had she been mine,

Or I'd been Roy of Alldivalloch.
Roy's wife, &c.

Her hair sae fair, her een sae clear,
Her wee bit mou' so sweet and bonnie⁷;
To me she ever will be dear,
Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie.
Roy's wife, &c.

¹ know; ² hills; ³ young girl; ⁴ old man;
⁵ cheerful, merry;
⁶ type of Highland dance; ⁷ pretty

17. Strephon and Lydia (William Wallace of Cairnhill)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 150; Hob. XXXIa:150

All lovely on the sultry beach
Expiring Strephon lay;
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
Nor cheer the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,
To catch thy fleeting breath;
No bride, to fix thy swimming eye,
Or smooth the face of Death.

Far distant from the mournful scene
Thy parents sit at ease;
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
And all the spring, to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
Not force of foe, depress'd;
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
Thy country unredress'd!

18. The shepherd's wife
JHW XXXII/2, No. 128; Hob. XXXIa:128

The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee¹,
Will ye come hame, will ye come hame?
The shepherd's wife cries o'er the lee,
Will ye come hame again e'en jo²?

Oh! what will ye gi'e me to my supper,
Gin³ I come hame, gin I come hame?
Oh! what will ye gi'e me to my supper,
Gin I come hame again e'en jo?

Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige⁴,
And butter in them, and butter in them:
Ye's get a panfu' o' plumpin parrige,
Gin ye will come hame again e'en jo.

Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame, I canna come hame;
Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame again e'en jo.

Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat⁵,
An⁶ ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
Ye's get a hen well boil'd i' the pat,
An ye'll come hame again e'en jo.

Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame, I canna come hame;
Na, na, na, na; that's nae for me,
I winna come hame again e'en jo.

A weel made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
An ye'll come hame, an ye'll come hame;
A weel made bed, and a pair of clean sheets,
An ye'll come hame again e'en jo.

I, I, I, I; O that's for me,

I will come hame, I will come hame;
I, I, I; O that's for me,
I'll haste me hame again e'en jo.

¹ untill'd ground, pasture; ² sweetheart; ³ if;
⁴ porridge made with oatmeal that has been soaked in water;
⁵ pot; ⁶ if

19. While hopeless (Robert Mundell)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 104; Hob. XXXIa:104

While hopeless I wander and sigh in despair,
Yet, e'en in my anguish some comfort I find;
Tho' remov'd, ah! how far from the smiles of the fair!
Her mem'ry alone can give ease to my mind.

Why then should I pine and give way to my woe?
Tho' Fortune at present seems rather to frown;
She may smile, and her heart a compassion may know,
And thus with success all my wishes may crown.

20. A country lassie (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 144; Hob. XXXIa:144

In simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green on ilka¹ field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea²,
And roses blaw in ilka bield³;
Blythe Bessie in the milking shield⁴,
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will:
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild⁵,
O' gude advisement comes nae ill.

Its ye ha'e wooers mony ane,
And, lassie, ye're but young, ye ken⁶,
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale⁷

A routhie butt, a routhie ben⁸.
There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
Its plenty heets the luv'er's fire.

O! gear⁹ will buy me rigs o' land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye¹⁰;
But the tender heart o' leesome¹¹ loove,
The gowd and siller canna buy.
We may be poor, Robie and I,
Light is the burden loove lays on;
Content and loove brings peace and joy;
What mair hae queens upon a throne?

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ every; ² untill'd ground, pasture;
³ sheltered yard; ⁴ shed; ⁵ old age; ⁶ know;
⁷ wait a while, and choose carefully;
⁸ a well-furnished house with two rooms, an outer room or kitchen (butt) and an inner sitting room or parlour (ben);
⁹ wealth, money; ¹⁰ cows; ¹¹ agreeable

21. O'er the moor among the heather (Jean Glover)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 122; Hob. XXXIa:122

Comin thro' the craigs o' Kyle,
Among the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie
Keeping a' her yowes¹ the gether.
*O'er the moor among the heather,
O'er the moor among the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes the gether.*

Says I, my dear, where is thy hame,
In moor, or dale? Pray tell me whether.
She says, I tent² thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.
*O'er the moor, &c.
She says, I tent thae fleecy flocks
That feed among the blooming heather.*

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather;
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonnie blooming heather.
*O'er the moor, &c.
She left her flocks at large to rove
Among the bonny blooming heather.*

She charm'd my heart, and ay sinsyne³
I could na think on ony ither;
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass among the heather.
*O'er the moor, &c.
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass among the heather.*

(vv 1, 2, 3 & 5)

¹ ewes; ² care for; ³ since that time

22. The wee wee man
JHW XXXII/2, No. 124; Hob. XXXIa:124

As I was walking all alone,
Between a water and a wa';
And there I spy'd a wee¹ wee man,
And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's² length,
And thick and thimber³ were his thighs,
Between his brows there was a span⁴,
And between his shoulders there were three.

He took up a meikle⁵ stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see,
Though I had been a Wallace wight⁶
I couldna liften't to my knee;
O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
O tell me where thy dwelling be?
My dwelling's down at yon bonnie bower,
O will you go with me and see?

On we lap⁷ and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie green;
We lighted down for to bait⁸ our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.
Four and twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green:
Tho' the King of Scotland had been there,
The warst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap and awa we rade,
Till we came to yon bonnie ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten goud⁹,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.
When we came to the stair foot,
Ladies were dancing jimp¹⁰ and sma';
But in the twinkling of an eye,
My wee wee man was clean awa'.

¹ little, small;
² the distance between the tip of the extended thumb and the knuckle of the little finger in the closed fist, equivalent to a length of six inches;

³ heavy;
⁴ the distance between the end of the thumb and the end of the little finger when the fingers are extended, equivalent to a length of nine inches;
⁵ large;
⁶ courageous warrior (A reference to the strength and bravery of soldiers in the army of William Wallace (1272-1305), who defeated Edward I at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1298);
⁷ leapt; ⁸ feed; ⁹ gold; ¹⁰ slender, graceful

23. Strathallan's lament (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 145; Hob. XXXIa:145

Thickest night, surround my dwelling!
 Howling tempests o'er me rave!
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Roaring by my lonely cave.

Chrystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engaged,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the Heav'ns deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend;
 The wide world is all before us –
 But a world without a friend.

William Drummond, 4th Viscount Strathallan (1690-1746), was a staunch Jacobite who fought in both the 1715 and

the 1745 Rebellions. He was killed at the Battle of Culloden.

24. The bonny gray ey'd morn (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 101; Hob. XXXIa:101

The bonnie¹ grey-ey'd morn begins to peep,
 And darkness flies before the rising ray,
 The hearty hynd² starts from his lazy sleep,
 To follow healthful labours of the day:
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,
 And he joins their concert driving his plow,
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While, fluster'd with wine, or madden'd with loss
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain.
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,
 Plac'd at due distance from parties and state;
 Where neither ambition nor avarice blind
 Reach him who has happiness link'd to his fate.

¹ beautiful; ² farm labourer

25. Hughie Graham (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 141; Hob. XXXIa:141

Our lords are to the mountains gane,
 A hunting o' the fallow deer;
 And they ha'e gripet¹ Hughie Graham,
 For stealing o' the Bishop's mare.

And they hae tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up thro' Stirling town;

The lads and lasses met him there,
 Cried, Hughie Graham thou art a loun².

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe³,
 He looked to the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blin' his ee.

At length he looked round about
 To see whatever he could spy,
 And there he saw his auld father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue my father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be;
 Thy weeping's fairer on my heart
 Than a' that they can do to me:

And ye may tell my kith and kin⁴,
 I never did disgrace their blood;
 And when they meet the Bishop's cloak,
 To mak it shorter by the hood.

(vv 1, 2, 8, 9, 10 & 12)

¹ seized, apprehended; ² rascal, rogue;
³ small round hillock; ⁴ friends and relations

According to legend Hughie Graham's wife was seduced by the Bishop of Carlisle. To avenge her Hughie raided the Bishop's lands and stole his horse. He was captured at Solway Moss and taken to Carlisle, where he was hanged.

Compact Disc 78

1. My goddess woman (John Learmont)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 120; Hob. XXXIa:120

O mighty Nature's handyworks,
 The common or uncommon,
 There's nocht thro' a' her limits wide
 Can be compar'd to woman.
 The farmer toils, the merchant trokes¹,
 Frae dawin to the gloamin²;
 The farmer's pains, the merchant's cares,
 Are baith to please a woman.

The sailor spreads the daring sail,
 Thro' angry seas a foaming;
 The jewels, gems o' foreign shores,
 He gi'es to please a woman.
 The sodger fights o'er crimson fields,
 In distant climates roaming;
 Yet lays, wi' pride, his laurels down,
 Before all-conquering woman.

A monarch leaves his lofty throne,
 Wi' other men in common;
 He flings aside his crown, and kneels
 A subject to a woman,
 Tho' I had a' e'er man possess'd,
 Barbarian, Greek, or Roman;
 It wad nae a' be worth a strae,
 Without my goddess woman.

¹ bargains, barter; ² from dawn to dusk

2. Bid me not forget (Peter Pindar)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 126; Hob. XXXIa:126

Bid me not forget thy smile,
 Nor the radiance of thine eye;
 Think, alas! how hard the toil!
 Mem'ry, then, my love must die.

Thae I view in ev'ry bloom;
 Hear in groves thy voice divine;
 Thus each scene, where'er I roam,
 Paints the charms that once were mine.

3. Ae fond kiss (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 131; Hob. XXXIa:131

Ae¹ fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
 While a ray of hope she leaves him?
 Ah! nae chearfu' twinkle lights me;
 Deep despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy:
 But to see her was to love her;
 Love but her and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!

Thine be ilka² joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

¹ one; ² every

4. Kelly-burn braes (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 148; Hob. XXXIa:148

There liv'd a carl¹ in Kellyburn-braes,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.
 Ae² day as the carle gaed up the lang glen,
 Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
 He met wi' the d-v-l, says, how do ye fen³?
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

I've got a bad wife, sir, that's a' my complaint,
 Hey, &c.
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!
 And &c.
 It's neither your stot⁴ nor your staig⁵ I shall crave,
 Hey, &c.
 But gi'e me your wife, man, for her I must have,
 And &c.

O, welcome most kindly! the blythe carle said;
 Hey, &c.
 But if you can match her ye're waur⁶ than ye're ca'd,
 And &c.
 The d-v-l has got the auld wife on his back,
 Hey, &c.

And like a poor pedlar he's carried his pack,
 And &c.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
 Hey, &c.
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand,
 And &c.
 The carlin⁷ gaed thro' them like ony wud⁸ bear,
 Hey, &c.
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair,
 And &c.

A reekit⁹ wee d-v-l looks over the wa',
 Hey, &c.
 O help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a',
 And &c.
 The d-v-l he swore by the edge of his knife,
 Hey, &c.
 He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
 And &c.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
 Hey, &c.
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back,
 And &c.
 I hae been a d-v-l the feck¹⁰ o' my life,
 Hey, &c.
 But ne'er was in hell till I met wi' a wife,
 And &c.

¹ old man; ² one; ³ "How do you do";
⁴ young bull, or ox; ⁵ horse; ⁶ worse;
⁷ stout old woman; ⁸ wild; ⁹ smoky;
¹⁰ a considerable part

5. The weary pound o' tow (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 129; Hob. XXXIa:129

The weary pund¹, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow²;
 I think my wife will end her life,
 Before she spin her tow.
 I bought my wife a stane o' lint³,
 As gude as e'er did grow;
 And a' that she has made o' that
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

*The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life,
 Before she spin her tow.*

Quoth I, for shame ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap⁴ o' tow;
 She took the rock⁵, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow⁶!
The weary, &c.

At last her feet, I sang to see't,
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe⁷;
 An or I wad anither jad⁸,
 I'll wallop⁹ in a tow.
The weary, &c.

(vv 1, 3 & 4)

¹ pound;
² fibre of flax prepared for spinning;
³ flax; ⁴ quantity of flax on the distaff or spindle;
⁵ distaff, spindle; ⁶ head, skull;
⁷ small round hillock; ⁸ giddy young girl;
⁹ move swiftly with great spirit

6. A cold frosty morning (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 107; Hob. XXXIa:107

When innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
How lovely, and loving, and bonnie¹ was she!
Rouse up your reason, my beautiful Annie,
Let no new whim ding² thy fancy ajee³,
O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny⁴,
And favour thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer! on ilka⁵ sweet hour
That flade away fastly between thee and me,
E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry, had pow'r
To rival my love, or impose upon thee.
Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
O! as thou art bonnie, be faithfu' and canny,
And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

(vv 1 & 5)

¹ beautiful; ² drive; ³ aside; ⁴ gentle, prudent;
⁵ every

7. What can a young lassie do (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 134; Hob. XXXIa:134

What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
Ill luck on the pennie that tempted my minnie¹
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
Ill luck, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
He hosts² and he hirlpes³ the weary day lang:
He's doylt⁴ and he's dozen⁵, his blude it is frozen,
O dreary's the night wi' a feckless⁶ auld man.
He's doylt, &c.

He hums and he hankers⁷, he frets and he cankers⁸,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows,
O! dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!
He's peevish, &c.

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and wrack⁹ him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
I'll cross, &c.

¹ mother; ² coughs; ³ limps; ⁴ stupid;
⁵ almost lifeless; ⁶ feeble, weak; ⁷ wavers;
⁸ snarls; ⁹ tease

8. Now westlin winds (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 111; Hob. XXXIa:111

Now westlin winds and slaught'rin' guns,
Brings Autumn's pleasant weather;
The gorcok¹ springs, on whirling wings
Among the blooming heather.
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer,
The moon shines bright as I rove by night,
To muse upon my charmer.

We'll gently walk and sweetly talk,

While the silent moon shines clearly;
I'll clasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I lo'e thee dearly;
Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer.

(vv 1 & 5)

¹ red grouse

9. The tears I shed (Helen Darcy Cranstoun)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 123; Hob. XXXIa:123

The tears I shed must ever fall,
I mourn not for an absent swain,
For thought may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who flighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,

He made me blest, and broke my heart!
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

(vv 1, 3 & 5)

10. Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now
JHW XXXII/2, No. 140; Hob. XXXIa:140

I ha'e laid a herring in sa't,
Lass, gin¹ ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e brew'd a forget² o' ma't,
An' I canna come ilka³ day to woo:
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now;
Three sparrows may dance on the floor
An' I canna come ilka day to woo:
I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a benn⁴,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happy⁵ leg,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo:
I ha'e a kebbok⁶ upon my shelf,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now;
I down⁸ eat it a' myself,
An' I winna⁹ come ony mair to woo.

¹ if; ² fourth part of a peck; ³ every;
⁴ I have a house with two rooms, an outer room
with a kitchen (butt) and an inner sitting room or
parlour (benn);
⁵ lame; ⁶ cheese; ⁷ am unable to; ⁸ will not

11. She's fair and fause (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 121; Hob. XXXIa:121

She's fair and fause that causes my smart,
I lo'ed her meikle¹ and lang;
She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
And I may e'en gae hang.
A coof² cam in wi' routh³ o' gear⁴,
And I ha'e tint⁵ my dearest dear;
But women is but world's gear,
Sae let the bonny lass gang.

Wha'er ye be that woman love,
To this be never blind,
Nae ferlie⁶ 'tis tho' fickle she prove;
A woman has't by kind:
O woman, lovely woman fair!
An angel's form's fa'n to thy share;
'Twad been o'er meikle to gi'en thee mair,
I mean, an angel's mind.

¹ much; ² fool, simpleton; ³ abundance, plenty;
⁴ possessions, money, property; ⁵ lost; ⁶ wonder

12. The ewy wi' the crooked horn (The Rev. John Skinner)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 116; Hob. XXXIa:116

O were I able to rehearse

My ewy's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw;
My ewy¹ wi' the crooked horn,
A' that ken'd² her could hae sworn,
Sic³ a ewe was never born
Hereabouts nor far awa'.

I sought her sair upo' the morn;
And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
There I fand her crooked horn;
But my ewy was awa'.
My ewy, &c.

But gin⁴ I find the loon⁵ that did it,
I hae sworn as well as said it,
Altho' the laird himself forbid it,
I shall gi'e his neck a thrav⁶.
My ewy, &c.

O all ye bards ayond Kinghorn,
Call up your muses, let them mourn
Our ewy wi' the crooked horn,
Frae us stown⁷, and fell'd and a'.
My ewy, &c.

(vv 1, 10, 11 & 16)

¹ ewe; ² knew; ³ such; ⁴ if; ⁵ rascal, rogue;
⁶ twist; ⁷ stolen

13. The rose bud
JHW XXXII/2, No. 135; Hob. XXXIa:135

All hail to thee, thou bawmy¹ bud,
Thou charming child o' simmer, hail!

Ilk² fragrant thorn and lofty wood
Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll poo thee frae thy thorny stem;
A while thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the simmer rose,
In time shall wither and decay.

(vv 1, 5 & 7)

¹ balmy; ² every

14. Nithsdall's welcome hame (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 125; Hob. XXXIa:125

The noble Maxwells and their pow'rs
Are coming o'er the border;
They'll gae to big Terreagles' tow'rs,
And set them a' in order.
And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.
*And they declare Terreagles fair,
For their abode they chuse it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.*

Tho' stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near,

That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May ha'e a joyfu' morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief,
Fareweel our night o' sorrow.
The weary, &c.

Burns wrote this poem in 1789 to celebrate the return of Lady Winifred Maxwell to Scotland and to her ancestral home, Terreagles. She was the daughter of the last Earl of Nithsdale, a staunch Jacobite whose lands had been forfeited following his involvement in the 1715 Rebellion.

15. Fair Eliza (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 117; Hob. XXXIa:117

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
Ae¹ kind blink² before we part,
Rew on thy despairing luvier!
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart.
Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
If to luvie thy heart denies;
For pity hide the cruel sentence,
Under friendship's kind disguise.

Thee, dear maid, ha'e I offended,
The offence is luvie thee:
Can thou wreck his peace for ever,
Wha for thine wad gladly die!
While the life beats in my bosom,
Thou shalt mix in ilka³ throe;
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,

In the pride o' sinny⁴ noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his ee,
 Kens⁵ the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gi'es to me.

¹ one; ² glance; ³ every; ⁴ sunny; ⁵ knows

16. Donald and Flora (Hector Macneill)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 139; Hob. XXXIa:139

When merry hearts were gay,
 Careless of ought but play,
 Poor Flora slipt away,
 Sadd'ning, to Mora:
 Loose flow'd her coal-black hair,
 Quick heav'd her bosom bare;
 Thus to the troubled air
 She vented her sorrow.

"Loud howls the Northern blast,
 "Bleak is the dreary waste;
 "Haste thee, O Donald! haste,
 "Haste to thy Flora:
 "Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 "Since, on a foreign shore,
 "You promis'd to fight no more,
 "But meet me in Mora."

"Never, O wretched fair!
 (Sigh'd the sad messenger),
 "Never shall Donald mair
 "Meet his lov'd Flora!
 "Cold, cold beyond the main,

"Donald, thy love, lies slain;
 "He sent me to sooth thy pain,
 "Weeping in Mora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair;
 Then, striking her bosom bare,
 Sigh'd out, poor Flora!
 O Donald! oh welladay!
 Was all the fond heart could say;
 At length the sound died away
 Feebly in Mora.

(vv 1, 2, 5 & 8)

17. On a bank of flowers (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 142; Hob. XXXIa:142

On a bank of flow'rs in a summer's day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep oppress.
 When Willie wand'ring thro' the wood,
 Who for her favour oft had su'd.
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
 Were seal'd in soft repose,
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dy'd the rose.
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild, wanton, kiss'd her rival breast;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace,
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace:
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
 And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly, starting, half awake,
 Away affrighted springs;
 But Willy follow'd, as he shou'd,
 He overtook her in the wood,
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

18. Yon wild mossy mountains (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 119; Hob. XXXIa:119

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosoms the youth o' the Clyde;
 Where the graus¹ lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents² his flock as he pipes on his reed;
 Where the graus lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed;

To beauty what man but maun³ yield her the prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
 And when Wit and Refinement ha'e polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts.
And when Wit, &c.

(vv 1 & 5)

¹ grouse; ² cares for; ³ must

19. Lady Randolph's complaint (Thomas Blacklock)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 127; Hob. XXXIa:127

My hero! my hero! my beauteous, my brave,
 How proud was my soul of thy virtues and thee;
 Doom'd here prematurely to find a cold grave,
 Nor couldst thou elude what thou couldst not
 foresee.
 Of gen'rous endeavours, was this thy reward,
 The lord of this mansion from foes to defend?
 Henceforth hospitality who shall regard;
 What man on the friendship of man shall depend.

Forgive, gracious powers, in compassion my state,
 Whilst, by sorrow compell'd, with reluctance I seize
 The only sweet moment reserv'd me by fate,
 The moment which renders me just what I please;
 My Douglas, my darling, my glory, my pride!
 How happy was I but to name thee my son!
 For thee would to heav'n a fond mother had died,
 Since living without thee, is living undone.

(vv 1 & 4)

The poem is based on John Home's tragedy, 'Douglas' (1759), in which Lady Randolph's son by her first husband, Lord Douglas, is murdered by her second husband, Lord Randolph, who believes the boy to be her lover.

20. O'er the hills and far away
JHW XXXII/2, No. 149; Hob. XXXIa:149

Jocky met with Jenny fair,
 Aft be the dawning of the day;
 But Jocky now is fu' of care,
 Since Jenny staw¹ his heart away:
 Although she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has, alak! unkink;
 Which gars² poor Jocky often rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle³ maid.
*And it's o'er the hills and far away,
 It's o'er the hills and far away
 It's o'er the hills and far away
 The wind has blown my plaid⁴ away.*

Since that she will nae pity take,
 I maun⁵ gae wander for her sake;
 And in ilk⁶ wood and gloomy grove,
 I'll sighing sing, adieu to love.
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a woman more;
 Frae a' their charms I'll flee away,
 And on my pipe I'll sweetly play,
*O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
 O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
 O'er hills, and dales, and far away,
 The wind has blown my plaid away,*

(vv 1 & 4)

¹ stole; ² makes; ³ inconstant, changing affections;
⁴ rectangular length of twilled woollen cloth worn as an
 outer garment or cloak;
⁵ must; ⁶ every

21. The death of the linnet
JHW XXXII/2, No. 138; Hob. XXXIa:138

O, all ye loves and groves lament!
 And you of hearts humane;
 Our darling linnet's breath is spent,
 And all our tears are vain.
 Its sweetly varied voice no more
 Shall strike my Delia's ear;
 It visits now the Strygian shore,
 Whence no returns are here.

Torpid and cold, thy beauteous frame
 Our sight no more shall charm;
 Thy loss the deepest woe shall claim,
 The brightest eyes disarm.
 Long shall my Delia mourn thy doom,
 With undissembled woe,
 Before her clouded charms resume
 Their animating glow.

(vv 1 & 4)

22. The young Highland rover (Robert Burns)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 143; Hob. XXXIa:143

Loud blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover,
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations over.

*Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle Gordon.*

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie¹ moaning,
 Shall a' be blythly singing,
 And ev'ry flow'r be springing.
*Sae I'll rejoice the lee lang day,
 When by his mighty warden;
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle Gordon.*

¹ sadly, dejectedly

23. Johnnie Armstrong
JHW XXXII/2, No. 109; Hob. XXXIa:109

Sum spiek o' lords, sum spiek o' lairds,
 And sic¹ like men of hie degree;
 Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
 Sumtyne call'd laird of Gilnockie.
 The King he writes a kind letter,
 Wi' his ain hand sae tenderlie,
 And he has sent it to Johnnie Armstrong,
 To cum and spiek wi' him speedilie.

May I find grace, my sovereign Liege,
 Grace for my loyal men and me,
 For my name is Johnnie Armstrong,
 And subject of zour's, my Liege, said he,
 Awa', awa', thou traytor strang,
 Out of my sight thou may'st sune be,
 I grantit ne'er a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee.

Farweil my bonnie Gilnock-hall,
 Quhair² on Esk side thou standest stout;
 Gif I had liev'd but seven zeirs mair,

I wou'd haif gilt thee round about;
 John murd' red was at Carlingrigg,
 And all his gallant companie;
 But Scotland's heart was ne'er so wae,
 To see sae mony brave men die.

(vv 1, 4 & 6)

¹ such; ² where

24. The shepherd's son
JHW XXXII/2, No. 106; Hob. XXXIa:106

There was a shepherd's son,
 Kept sheep upon a hill,
 He laid his pipe and crook aside,
 And there he slept his fill.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
 Then gave an under look,
 And there he spied a lady fair
 Swimming in a brook.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
 And then approach'd the maid;
 Put on your claihs¹, my dear, he says,
 And be ye not afraid.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

'Tis fitter for a lady fair
 To sew a silken seam,
 Than get up in a May morning,
 And strive against the stream.
Sing fal de ral, &c.

¹ clothes

25. Tho' for seven years and mair (Allan Ramsay)
JHW XXXII/2, No. 146; Hob. XXXIa:146

Tho' for seven years and mair honour should reave¹
me,
To fields where cannons roar, thou need na grieve
thee;
For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
*Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.*

O Johnny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
My sentiments yielding ye'll turn a loose rover;
And nought i' the world wad vex my heart sairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
*Grieve me, grieve me, O! it wad grieve me!
A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.*

Bid iceshogles² hammer red gauds³ on the studdy⁴,
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid mankind think ae gate⁵, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
*Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
The starns⁶ shall gang withershins⁷ e'er I deceive
thee.*

(vv 1, 2 & 5)

¹ rob, plunder; ² icicles; ³ iron bars used in a forge;

⁴ anvil; ⁵ one way; ⁶ stars; ⁷ in the opposite direction